J. Tonson Sam Cooke.

1489. f. 43.

THE *Indian* Emperor:

OR, THE Conqueſt of *MEXICO*

By the SPANIARDS.

Being the Sequel of the *Indian* Queen.

Written by the late Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Dum relego, ſcripſiſſe pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini. Ovid.

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M DCC XXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 59
JUN

To the moſt Excellent and moſt Illuſtrious

PRINCESS

ANNE,

Dutcheſs of *Monmouth* and *Buccleugh*, Wife to the moſt Illuſtrious and High-born Prince *JAMES* Duke of *Monmouth.*

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THE Favour which Heroick Plays have lately found upon our Theaters, has been wholly deriv'd to them from the Countenance and Approbation they have receiv'd at Court. The moſt Eminent Perſons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle having ſo far owned them, that they have judg'd

no way ſo fit as Verſe to entertain a Noble Audience, or to expreſs a noble Paſſion. And amongſt the reſt which have been written in this kind, they have been ſo indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconſiderable Place. Since, therefore, to the Court I owe its Fortune on the Stage; ſo, being now more publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Grace's Protection, who by all knowing Perſons are eſteem'd a principal Ornament of the Court. But though the Rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodneſs detain and fix them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the Sight; but it looks up with pain on Craggy Rocks and Barren Mountains, and continues not intent on any Object, which is wanting in Shades and Greens to entertain it. Beauty, in Courts, is ſo neceſſary to the young, that thoſe who are without it, ſeem to be there to no other purpoſe than to wait on the Triumphs of the Fair; to attend their Motions in obſcurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by Day: Or, at beſt, to be the Refuge of thoſe Hearts which others have deſpis'd; and, by the unworthineſs of both, to give and take a miſerable Comfort. But as needful as Beauty is, Virtue and Honour are yet more: The reign of it without their Support is unſafe and ſhort, like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty, waſtes it; and, when once it is decaying, the repairs of Art are of as ſhort Continuance, as the After-ſpring, when the Sun is going farther off. This, *Madam*, is its ordinary Fate; but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not ſubject to that common Deſtiny.

Your

Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flouriſh, but you have likewiſe found the way, by an untainted Preſervation of your Honour, to make that periſhable Good more laſting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preſerv'd by being mix'd and embodied with others of their own Natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, ſince no part of *Europe* can afford a Parallel to your Noble Lord, in maſculine Beauty, and in goodlineſs of Shape. To receive the Bleſſings and Prayers of Mankind, you need only to be ſeen together: We are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels ſent below to make Virtue amiable in your Perſons, or to ſit to Poets when they would pleaſantly inſtruct the Age, by drawing Goodneſs in the moſt perfect and alluring Shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I muſt be forc'd to quit it as a private Praiſe, ſince you have deſerv'd thoſe which are more Publick. For Goodneſs and Humanity, which ſhine in you, are Virtues which concern Mankind: And by a certain Kind of Intereſt all People agree in their Commendation, becauſe the Profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis ſo much your Inclination to do Good, that you ſtay not to be ask'd; which is an approach ſo nigh the Deity, that humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happineſs that I can teſtify this Virtue of your Grace's by my own Experience; ſince I have ſo great an Averſion from ſolliciting Court Favours, that I am ready to look on thoſe as very bold, who dare grow rich there without Deſert. But I beg your Grace's Pardon for aſſuming this Virtue of Mo-

deſty to my ſelf, which the Sequel of this Diſcourſe will no way juſtify. For in this Addreſs I have already quitted the Character of a modeſt Man, by preſenting you this Poem as an Acknowledgment, which ſtands in need of your Protection; and which ought no more to be eſteem'd a Preſent, than it is accounted Bounty in the Poor, when they beſtow a Child on ſome wealthy Friend, who will better breed it up. Offſprings of this Nature are like to be ſo numerous with me, that I muſt be forc'd to ſend ſome of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, becauſe I have landed him on a Hoſpitable Shore. Under your Patronage *Montezuma* hopes he is more ſafe than in his native *Indies:* And therefore comes to throw himſelf at your Grace's Feet; paying that Homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the Violence of his Conquerors. He begs only, that when he ſhall relate his Sufferings, you will conſider him as an *Indian Prince*, and not expect any other Eloquence from his Simplicity, than what his Griefs have furniſh'd him withal. His Story is, perhaps, the greateſt, which was ever repreſented in a Poem of this Nature; (the Action of it including the Diſcovery and Conqueſt of a new World.) In it I have neither wholly follow'd the Truth of the Hiſtory, nor altogether left it: But have taken all the Liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminiſh, as I thought might beſt conduce to the Beautifyng of my Work: It being not the Buſineſs of a Poet to repreſent Hiſtorical Truth, but Probability. But I am not to make the Juſtification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Grace's Mercy. 'Tis an irregu-

irregular Piece, if compar'd with many of *Corneille's*; and, if I may make a Judgment of it, written with more Flame than Art; in which it repreſents the Mind and Intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Deſign and Artifice,

MADAM,

October 12, 1667.

Your Grace's moſt Obedient

and moſt Obliged Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Connection of *The* Indian *Emperor* to *The* Indian *Queen.*

THE *Concluſion of* The *Indian* Queen, *(part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the conſiderable Characters alive,* (viz.) Montezuma *and* Orazia: *Thereupon the Author of this, thought it neceſſary to produce new Perſons from the old Ones; and conſidering the late* Indian *Queen, before ſhe lov'd* Montezuma, *liv'd in Clandeſtine Marriage with her General* Traxalla; *from thoſe two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, ſuppoſed to be left young Orphans at their Death: on the other ſide, he has giv'n to* Montezuma *and* Orazia, *two Sons and a Daughter; all now ſuppoſed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Eſtate; and their Mother* Orazia (*for whom there was no farther uſe in the Story*) *lately dead.*

So that you are to imagine about twenty Years elapſed ſince the Coronation of Montezuma; *who, in the Truth of the Hiſtory, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whoſe time hapned the Diſcovery and Invaſion of* Mexico *by the* Spaniards; *under the Conduct of* Hernando Cortez, *who joining with the* Taxallan Indians, *the inveterate Enemies of* Montezuma, *wholly ſubverted that flouriſhing Empire; the Conqueſt of which is the Subject of this* Dramatick *Poem.*

I have neither wholly followed the Story, nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native Simplicity and Ignorance of the Indians, *in rela-*

relation to European *Cuſtoms: The Shipping, Armour, Horſes, Swords, and Guns of the* Spaniards, *being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Chriſtians.*

The Difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it ſelf; and that which you find of it in the firſt and fifth Acts touching the Sufferings and Conſtancy of Montezuma *in his Opinions, I have only illuſtrated, not alter'd from thoſe who have written of it.*

PROLOGUE.

ALmighty Criticks! whom our Indians *here*
Worſhip, juſt as they do the Devil, for Fear;
In reverence to your Pow'r, I come this Day
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the ſame
We wore laſt Year, before the Spaniards *came.*
Now if you ſtay, the Blood that ſhall be ſhed
From this poor Play, be all upon your Head.
We neither promiſe you one Dance, or Show,
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:
But you, kind Wits, will thoſe light Faults excuſe:
Thoſe are the common Frailties of the Muſe;
Which who obſerves, he buys his Place too dear:
For 'tis your Buſineſs to be cozen'd here.
Theſe wretched Spies of Wit muſt then confeſs,
They take more pains to pleaſe themſelves the leſs,
Grant us ſuch Judges, Phœbus, *we requeſt,*
As ſtill miſtake themſelves into a Jeſt;
Such eaſy Judges, that our Poet may
Himſelf admire the Fortune of his Play;

And

PROLOGUE.

And arrogantly, as his Fellows do,
Think he writes well, becauſe he pleaſes you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would join to help him out.
Would each Man take but what he underſtands,
And leave the reſt upon the Poet's Hands.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

INDIAN MEN.

Montezuma, *Emperor of* Mexico.
Odmar, *his eldeſt Son.*
Guyomar, *his younger Son.*
Orbellan, *Son of the late* Indian *Queen by* Traxalla.
High Prieſts of the Sun.

WOMEN.

Cydaria, Montezuma's *Daughter.*
Almeria, Alibech, } *Siſters; and Daughters to the late* Indian *Queen.*

SPANIARDS.

Cortez, *the* Spaniſh *General.*
Vaſquez, Pizarro, } *Commanders under him.*

Scene Mexico, *and two Leagues about it.*

THE

THE *Indian* Emperor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Pleaſant* Indian *Country.*

Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *with* Spaniards *and* Indians *of their Party.*

CORTEZ.

N what new happy Climate are we thrown,
So long kept ſecret, and ſo lately known;
As if our old World modeſtly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth a new!
Vaſq. Corn, Wine, and Oil are wanting to this Ground,
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:
As if this Infant World, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Nature's Lap were laid.

No

No uſeful Arts have yet found footing here:
But all untaught and ſalvage does appear.
Cort. Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for Faſhions differing from our own:
For all their Cuſtoms are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.
Piz. In *Spain*, our Springs, like old Mens Children be
Decay'd and wither'd from their Infancy:
No kindly Showers fall on our Barren Earth,
To hatch the Seaſons in a timely Birth.
Our Summer ſuch a Ruſſet Livery wears,
As in a Garment often dy'd appears.
Cort. Here Nature ſpreads her fruitful Sweetneſs round,
Breathes on the Air, and broods upon the Ground.
Here Days and Nights the only Seaſons be,
The Sun no Climate does ſo gladly ſee:
When forc'd from hence to view our Parts he mourns;
Takes little Journeys, and makes quick Returns.
Vaſq. Methinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,
Where golden Ore lies mixt with common Sand;
Each downfall of a Flood the Mountains pour,
From their rich Bowels rowls a Silver Shower.
Cort. Heaven from all Ages wiſely did provide
This Wealth, and for the braveſt Nation hide,
Who with four hundred Foot and forty Horſe,
Dare boldly go a new found World to force.
Piz. Our Men, though Valiant, we ſhould find too few,
But *Indians* join the *Indians* to ſubdue;
Taxallan, ſhook by *Montezuma*'s Powers,
Has, to reſiſt his Forces, call'd in ours.
Vaſq. Raſhly to arm againſt ſo great a King
I hold not ſafe, nor is it juſt to bring
A War, without a fair Defiance made.
Piz. Declare we firſt our Quarrel: Then invade.
Cort. My ſelf, my King's Ambaſſador, will go;
Speak *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico?*
Ind. Your Eyes can ſcarce ſo far a Proſpect make,
As to diſcern the City on the Lake,

But

But that broad Cauſe-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by Noon of Day.
Cort. Command a Party of our *Indians* out,
With a ſtrict Charge, not to engage, but ſcout;
By noble Ways we Conqueſt will prepare,
Firſt offer Peace, and that refus'd make War. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The High Prieſt with other Prieſts. To them an Indian.

Ind. Haſte, Holy Prieſt, it is the King's Command.
High Pr. When ſets he forward?
Ind.——He is near at hand.
High Pr. The Incenſe is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already paſt,
Five hundred Captives ſaw the riſing Sun,
Who loſt their Light ere half his Race was run.
That which remains we here muſt celebrate;
Where far from Noiſe, without the City Gate.
The peaceful Power that governs Love repairs,
To feaſt upon ſoft Vows and ſilent Pray'rs.
We for his Royal Preſence only ſtay,
To end the Rites of this ſo ſolemn Day. [*Exit* Indian.
Enter Montezuma; *his eldeſt Son* Odmar; *his Daughter* Cydaria; Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, *and Train. They place themſelves.*
High Pr. On your Birth-day, while we ſing
To our Gods and to our King,
Her, among this beauteous Choir,
Whoſe Perfections you admire,
Her, who faireſt does appear,
Crown her Queen of all the Year,
Of the Year and of the Day,
And at her Feet your Garland lay.
Odm. My Father this way does his Looks direct,
Heav'n grant he give it not where I ſuſpect.
[Montezuma *riſes, goes about the Ladies, and at length ſtays at* Almeria, *and bows.*

Mont. Since my *Orazia*'s Death, I have not ſeen
A Beauty ſo deſerving to be Queen
As fair *Almeria.*
Alm. ——Sure he will not know
[*To her Brother and Siſter, aſide.*
My Birth I to that injur'd Princeſs owe,
Whom his hard Heart not only Love deny'd,
But in her Sufferings took unmanly Pride.
Alib. Since *Montezuma* will his Choice renew,
In dead *Orazia*'s Room electing you,
'Twill pleaſe our Mother's Ghoſt that you ſucceed
To all the Glories of her Rival's Bed.
Alm. If News be carry'd to the Shades below,
The *Indian* Queen will be more pleas'd, to know
That I his Scorns on him, who ſcorn'd her, pay.
Orb. Would you could right her ſome more noble Way.
[*She turns to him, who is kneeling all this while.*
Mont. Madam, this Poſture is for Heav'n deſign'd, [*kneel-*
And what moves Heav'n, I hope, may make you kind. [*ing.*
Alm. Heav'n may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,
And Crimes below coſt little to forgive.
By thee, inhuman, both my Parents dy'd:
One by the Sword, the other by thy Pride.
Mont. My haughty Mind no Fate could ever bow,
Yet I muſt ſtoop to one who ſcorns me now:
Is their no Pity to my Sufferings due?
Alm. As much as what my Mother found from you.
Mont. Your Mother's Wrongs a Recompenſe ſhall [meet;
I lay my Scepter at her Daughter's Feet.
Alm. He, who does now my leaſt Commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my Pow'r away:
Odm. Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?
Is Love ſo pow'rful, or his Soul ſo weak?
I'll fright her from it, Madam, though you ſee
The King is kind, I hope your Modeſty
Will know, what diſtance to the Crown is due.
Alm. Diſtance and Modeſty preſcrib'd by you?
Odm. *Almeria* dares not think ſuch Thoughts as [theſe.
Alm. She dares both think and act what Thoughts
ſhe pleaſe, 'Tis

'Tis much below me on this Throne to ſit;
But when I do; you ſhall petition it.
Odm. If, Sir, *Almeria* does your Bed partake,
I mourn for my forgotten Mother's ſake.
Mont. When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,
Let Streams preſcribe their Fountains where to run.
Odm. In all I urge, I keep my Duty ſtill,
Not rule your Reaſon, but inſtruct your Will.
Mont. Small uſe of Reaſon in that Prince is ſhown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.
[Almeria *to* Orbellan and Alibech, *who are this while whiſpering to her.*
Alc. No, he ſhall ever love, and always be
The ſubject of my Scorn and Cruelty.
Orb. To prove the laſting Torment of his Life,
You muſt not be his Miſtreſs, but his Wife.
Few know what Care an Husband's Peace deſtroys,
His real Griefs, and his diſſembled Joys.
Alm. What mark of pleaſing Vengeance cou'd be ſhown,
If I to break his Quiet loſe my own!
Orb. A Brother's Life upon your Love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria*'s Eyes:
How can her Father to my Hopes be kind,
If in your Heart, he no Example find?
Alm. To ſave your Life I'll ſuffer any thing,
Yet I'll not flatter this tempeſtuous King;
But work his ſtubborn Soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'll force him to obey.
I take this Garland, not as given by you, [*To* Mont.
But as my Merit, and my Beauty's due.
As for the Crown that you, my Slave, poſſeſs,
To ſhare it with you would but make me leſs.
Enter Guyomar *haſtily.*
Odm. My Brother *Guyomar!* methinks I ſpy
Haſte in his Steps, and Wonder in his Eye.
Mont. I ſent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell
The Cauſe of thy Return, are all things well?

Guy.

Guy. I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmoſt Limits of the Land:
To that Sea-ſhore where no more World is found,
But foaming Billows breaking on the Ground,
Where, for a while, my Eyes no Object met
But diſtant Skies that in the Ocean ſet:
And low hung Clouds that dipt themſelves in Rain,
To ſhake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
At laſt, as far as I could caſt my Eyes
Upon the Sea, ſomewhat methought did riſe
Like bluiſh Miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and mov'd towards the Shore.
Mont. What Forms did theſe new Wonders repreſent?
Guy. More ſtrange than what your Wonder can invent.
The Object I could firſt diſtinctly view
Was tall ſtraight Trees which on the Waters flew,
Wings on their Sides inſtead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breadth the Winds could blow:
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whoſe out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.
Mont. What divine Monſters, O ye Gods, were theſe
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the Shore?
Guy. Alas, they liv'd too ſure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
Or theſe the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the Noiſe I took my haſty Flight,
No mortal Courage can ſupport the Fright.
High Pr. Old Prophecies foretell our Fall at hand,
When bearded Men in floating Caſtles land.
I fear it is of dire portent.
Mont. ——— Go ſee
What it foreſhows, and what the Gods decree.
Mean time proceed we to what Rites remain.
Odmar, of all his Preſence does contain,
Give her your Wreath whom you eſteem moſt fair.
Odm. Above the reſt I judge one Beauty rare,

And

And may that Beauty prove as kind to me
[*He gives* Alibech *the Wreath.*
As I am ſure fair *Alibech* is ſhe.
Mont. You *Guyomar* muſt next perform your Part.
Guy. I want a Garland, but I'll give a Heart:
My Brother's Pardon I muſt firſt implore,
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.
Odm. That all ſhould *Alibech* adore, 'tis true;
But ſome reſpect is to my Birth-right due.
My Claim to her by Elderſhip I prove.
Guy. Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.
Odm. I long have ſtaid for this Solemnity
To make my Paſſion publick.
Guy.——So have I.
Odm. But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,
My Heart receiv'd the firſt Wounds which ſhe gave:
I watch'd the early Glories of her Eyes,
As Men for Day-break watch the Eaſtern Skies.
Guy. It ſeems my Soul then mov'd the quicker Pace,
Yours firſt ſet out, mine reach'd her in the Race.
Mont. Odmar, your Choice I cannot diſapprove;
Nor juſtly, *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.
To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,
And let her Sentence finiſh your Diſpute.
Alib. You think me, Sir, a Miſtreſs quickly won,
So ſoon to finiſh what is ſcarce begun:
In this Surprize ſhould I a Judgment make,
'Tis anſwering Riddles ere I'm well awake:
If you oblige me ſuddenly to chooſe,
The Choice is made, for I muſt both refuſe.
For to my ſelf I owe this due Regard,
Not to make Love my Gift, but my Reward.
Time beſt will ſhow whoſe Services will laſt.
Odm. Then judge my future Service by my paſt.
What I ſhall be by what I was, you know:
That Love took deepeſt Root, which firſt did grow.
Guy. That Love which firſt was ſet, will firſt decay,
Mine of a freſher Date will longer ſtay.
Odm. Still you forget my Birth.
Guy. But you, I ſee,
Take care ſtill to refreſh my Memory. *Mont.*

Mont. My Sons, let your unſeemly Diſcord ceaſe,
If not in Friendſhip, live at leaſt in Peace.
Orbellan, where you love, beſtow your Wreath.
Orb. My Love I dare not, ev'n in whiſpers, breathe.
Mont. A virtuous Love may venture any thing.
Orb. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.
Mont. Whither is all my former Fury gone?
Once more I have *Traxalla*'s Chains put on,
And by his Children am in Triumph led:
Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!
Alm. You think my Brother born your Enemy,
He's of *Traxalla*'s Blood, and ſo am I.
Mont. In vain I ſtrive,
My Lion-Heart is with Love's Toils beſet,
Struggling I fall ſtill deeper in the Net.
Cydaria, your new Lover's Garland take,
And uſe him kindly for your Father's ſake.
Cyd. So ſtrong an Hatred does my Nature ſway,
That ſpight of Duty I muſt diſobey,
Beſides you warn'd me ſtill of loving two,
Can I love him, already loving you?

Enter a Guard haſtily.

Mont. You look amaz'd, as if ſome ſudden Fear
Had ſeiz'd your Hearts; is any Danger near?
1 *Guard.* Behind the Covert where this Temple ſtands,
Thick as the Shades, there iſſue ſwarming Bands
Of ambuſh'd Men, whom, by their Arms and Dreſs,
To be *Taxallan* Enemies I gueſs.
2 *Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almoſt compaſt round.
Mont. Some ſpeedy way for paſſage muſt be found.
Make to the City by the Poſtern Gate,
I'll either force my Victory, or Fate;
A glorious Death in Arms I'll rather prove,
Than ſtay to periſh tamely by my Love. [*Exe.*

An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, *as purſued by* Taxallans.

Mont. No Succour from the Town?
Odm. ——— None, none is nigh.
Guy. We are inclos'd, and muſt reſolve to die.

Mont.

Mont. Fight for Revenge, now hope of Life is paſt;
But one Stroke more, and that will be my laſt.
Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *to the* Taxallans:
Cortez *ſtays them, juſt falling on.*
Cort. Contemn'd? my Orders broke even in my ſight!
Did I not ſtrictly charge you ſhould not fight?
[*To his* Indians.
Ind. Your Choler, General, does unjuſtly riſe,
To ſee your Friends purſue your Enemies?
The greateſt and moſt cruel Foes we have!
Are theſe, whom you would ignorantly ſave.
By ambuſh'd Men, behind their Temple laid,
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.
Cort. Where, baniſh'd Virtue, wilt thou ſhew thy Face
If Treachery infects thy *Indian* Race?
Diſmiſs your Rage, and lay your Weapons by:
Know I protect them, and they ſhall not die.
Ind. O wond'rous Mercy ſhown to Foes diſtreſt!
Cort. Call them not ſo, when once with Odds oppreſt,
Nor are they Foes my Clemency defends,
Until they have refus'd the name of Friends:
Draw up our *Spaniards* by themſelves, then fire
Our Guns on all who do not ſtraight retire. [*To* Vaſq.
Ind. O Mercy, Mercy! at thy Feet we fall.
[Ind. *kneeling.*
Before thy roaring Gods deſtroy us all:
See we retreat without the leaſt Reply,
Keep thy Gods ſilent, if they ſpeak we die.
[*The* Taxallans *retire.*
Mont. The fierce *Taxallans* lay their Weapons down,
Some Miracle in our Relief is ſhown.
Guy. Theſe bearded Men, in Shape and Colour be
Like thoſe I ſaw come floating on the Sea.
[Mont. *kneels to* Cort.
Mont. Patron of *Mexico* and God of Wars,
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars——
Cort. Great Monarch, your Devotion you miſplace.
Mont. Thy Actions ſhow thee born of heav'nly Race,
If then thou art that cruel God, whoſe Eyes
Delight in Blood, and human Sacrifice,

Thy

Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will ſtore,
And feed thy Noſtrils with hot reeking Gore;
Or if that mild and gentle God thou be,
Who doſt Mankind below with Pity ſee,
With Breath of Incenſe I will glad thy Heart;
But if like us, of mortal Seed thou art,
Preſents of choiceſt Fowls, and Fruits I'll bring,
And in my Realms thou ſhalt be more than King.

Cort. Monarch of Empires, and deſerving more
Than the Sun ſees upon your Weſtern Shore;
Like you a Man, and hither led by Fame,
Not by Conſtraint but by my Choice I came;
Ambaſſador of Peace, if Peace you chooſe;
Or Herald of a War, if you refuſe. [bring?

Ment. Whence or from whom doſt thou theſe Offers

Cort. From *Charles* the Fifth, the World's moſt potent King.

Mont. Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,
For to this Hour I never heard his Name:
The two great Empires of the World I know,
That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;
And ſince the Earth none larger does afford,
This *Charles* is ſome poor Tributary Lord.

Cort. You ſpeak of that ſmall part of Earth you know,
But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,
And watry Deſarts of ſo vaſt Extent,
That paſſing hither, four full Moons we ſpent.

Mont. But ſay, what News, what Offers doſt thou bring
From ſo remote, and ſo unknown a King?

[*While* Vaſq. *ſpeaks,* Cort. *ſpies the Ladies and goes to them, entertaining* Cydaria *with Courtſhip in dumb ſhow.*

Vaſq. *Spain*'s mighty Monarch, to whom Heav'n thinks fit,
That all the Nations of the Earth ſubmit,
In gracious Clemency, does condeſcend
On theſe Conditions to become your Friend.
Firſt, that of him you ſhall your Scepter hold;
Next, you preſent him with your uſeleſs Gold:
Laſt, that you leave thoſe Idols you implore,
And one true Deity with him adore.

Mont.

Mont. You ſpeak your Prince a mighty Emperor,
But his Demands have ſpoke him Proud and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,
Yet poorly begs a Metal I deſpiſe.
Gold thou may'ſt take, whatever thou canſt find,
Save what for ſacred Uſes is deſign'd:
But, by what Right pretends your King to be
The Sovereign Lord of all the World and me?

Piz. The Sovereign Prieſt ———
Who repreſents on Earth the Pow'r of Heav'n,
Has this your Empire to our Monarch given.

Mont. Ill does he repreſent the Powers above,
Who nouriſhes Debate, not preaches Love;
Beſides, what greater Folly can be ſhown?
He gives another what is not his own.

Vaſq. His Pow'r muſt needs unqueſtion'd be below,
For he in Heav'n an Empire can beſtow.

Mont. Empires in Heav'n he with more eaſe may give,
And you perhaps would with leſs Thanks receive;
But Heav'n has need of no ſuch Vice-roy here,
It ſelf beſtows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.

Piz. You wrong his Power, as you miſtake our End,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.

Mont. He who Religion truly underſtands,
Knows its Extent muſt be in Men, not Lands.

Odm. But who are thoſe that Truth muſt propagate
Within the Confines of my Father's State?

Vaſq. Religious Men, who hither muſt be ſent
As awful Guides of heav'nly Government,
To teach you Penance, Faſts, and Abſtinence,
To puniſh Bodies for the Souls Offence.

Mont. Cheaply you Sin, and puniſh Crimes with eaſe,
Not as th' Offended, but th' Offenders pleaſe.
Firſt injure Heav'n, and when its Wrath is due,
Your ſelves preſcribe it how to puniſh you.

Odm. What numbers of theſe Holy Men muſt come?

Piz. You ſhall not want, each Village ſhall have ſome;
Who, tho' the Royal Dignity they own,
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

Guy.

Guy. Depend on none! you treat them ſure in State,
For 'tis their Plenty does their Pride create.
Mont. Thoſe ghoſtly Kings would parcel out my Pow'r,
And all the Fatneſs of my Land devour;
That Monarch ſits not ſafely on his Throne,
Who bears, within, a Power that ſhocks his own.
They teach Obedience to Imperial Sway,
But think it Sin if they themſelves obey.
Vaſq. It ſeems then our Religion you accuſe,
And peaceful Homage to our King refuſe.
Mont. Your Gods I ſlight not, but will keep my own.
My Crown is abſolute and holds of none;
I cannot in a baſe Subjection live,
Nor ſuffer you to take, tho' I would give.
Cort. Is this your Anſwer, Sir?
Mont. ——— This as a Prince,
Bound to my People's and my Crown's defence,
I muſt return: but, as a Man by you
Redeem'd from Death, all Gratitude is due.
Cort. It was an Act my Honour bound me to:
But what I did, were I again to do,
I could not do it on my Honour's ſcore,
For Love would now oblige me to do more.
Is no way left that we may yet agree?
Muſt I have War, yet have no Enemy?
Vaſq. He has refus'd all Terms of Peace to take.
Mont. Since we muſt fight, hear Heav'ns, what Prayers I make,
Firſt, to preſerve this ancient State and me,
But if your Doom the Fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has ſuch Honour ſhown,
When I am Duſt, may fill my empty Throne.
Cort. To make me happier than that Wiſh can do,
Lies not in all your Gods to grant, but you;
Let this fair Princeſs but one Minute ſtay,
A Look from her will your Obligements pay.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan, Almeria, *and* Alibech.

Mont.

Mont. to *Cyd.* Your Duty in your quick Return be
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. [ſhown.
[*To his Guards.*
[Cydaria *is going, but turns and looks back upon* Cortez, *who is looking on her all this while.*
Cyd. My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go,
Sure I have ſomething loſt or left behind! [*Aſide.*
Cort. Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
I on her Beauty gaze, 'till I am blind. [*Aſide.*
Cyd. Thick Breath, quick Pulſe, and heaving of my Heart,
All Signs of ſome unwonted Change appear:
I find my ſelf unwilling to depart,
And yet I know not why I would be here.
Stranger, you raiſe ſuch Torments in my Breaſt,
That when I go, (if I muſt go again)
I'll tell my Father you have robb'd my Reſt,
And to him of your Injuries complain.
Cort. Unknown, I ſwear, thoſe Wrongs were which I wrought,
But my Complaints will much more juſt appear,
Who from another World my Freedom brought,
And to your conquering Eyes have loſt it here.
Cyd. Where is that other World from whence you came?
Cort. Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.
Cyd. Your other World, I fear, is then the ſame
That Souls muſt go to when the Body dies.
But what's the Cauſe that keeps you here with me?
That I may know what keeps me here with you?
Cort. Mine is a Love which muſt perpetual be,
If you can be ſo juſt as I am true.
Enter Orbellan.
Orb. Your Father wonders much at your delay.
Cyd. So great a wonder for ſo ſmall a ſtay!
Orb. He has commanded you with me to go.
Cyd. Has he not ſent to bring the Stranger too?
Orb. If he to-morrow dares in Fight appear,
His high plac'd Love perhaps may coſt him dear.
Cort. Dares—that Word was never ſpoke to *Spaniard* [yet,
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;

Haſte quickly with thy Pledge of Safety hence,
Thy Guilt's protected by her Innocence.

Cyd. Sure in ſome fatal Hour my Love was born,
So ſoon o'ercaſt with Abſence in the Morn!

Cort. Turn hence thoſe pointed Glories of your Eyes,
For if more Charms beneath thoſe Circles riſe,
So weak my Virtue, they ſo ſtrong appear,
I ſhall turn Raviſher to keep you here. [*Exe. omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the* Magician's *Cave.*

Enter Montezuma, *and High Prieſt.*

Mont. NOT that I fear the utmoſt Fate can do,
Come I th' Event of doubtful War to know,
For Life and Death are things indifferent,
Each to be choſe as either brings Content;
My Motive from a nobler Cauſe does ſpring,
Love rules my Heart, and is your Monarch's King;
I more deſire to know *Almeria*'s Mind,
Than all that Heav'n has for my State deſign'd.

High Pr. By powerful Charms which nothing can withſtand,
I'll force the Gods to tell what you demand.

CHARM.

Thou Moon, that aid'ſt us with thy Magick Might,
And ye ſmall Stars, the ſcatter'd Seeds of Light,
Dart your pale Beams into this gloomy Place,
That the ſad Powers of the infernal Race
May read above what's hid from human Eyes,
And in your Walks, ſee Empires fall and riſe.
And ye immortal Souls, who once were Men,
And now reſolv'd to Elements again,
Who wait for mortal Frames in Depths below,
And did before what we are doom'd to do;

Once,

Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my ſacred Wand,
Aſcend, aſcend, aſcend at my Command.
[*An earthly Spirit riſes.*
Spir. In vain, O mortal Men, your Prayers implore
The Aid of Powers below, which want it more:
A God more ſtrong, who all the Gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
The Air ſwarms thick with wandring Deities,
Which drowſily like humming Beetles riſe
From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we ſlept,
And far from Heaven a long Poſſeſſion kept.
The frighted Satyrs that in Woods delight,
Now into Plains with prick'd-up Ears take flight;
And ſcudding thence, while they their Horn-feet ply,
About their Sires the little *Silvans* cry.
A Nation loving Gold muſt rule this Place,
Our Temples ruin, and our Rites deface:
To them, O King, is thy loſt Scepter giv'n,
Now mourn thy fatal Search, for ſince wiſe Heav'n
More Ill than Good to Mortals does diſpenſe,
It is not ſafe to have too quick a Senſe. [*Deſcends.*
Mont. Mourn they who think repining can remove
The firm Decrees of thoſe who rule above;
The Brave are ſafe within, who ſtill dare die:
When e'er I fall, I'll ſcorn my Deſtiny.
Doom as they pleaſe my Empire not to ſtand,
I'll graſp my Scepter with my dying Hand.
High Pr. Thoſe Earthy Spirits black and envious are,
I'll call up other Gods of form more fair:
Who Viſions dreſs in pleaſing Colour ſtill,
Set all the Good to ſhow, and hide the Ill.
Kalib aſcend, my fair-ſpoke Servant riſe,
And ſooth my Heart with pleaſing Propheſies.

Kalib aſcends all in white, in ſhape of a Woman, and Sings.

Kal. *I look'd and ſaw within the Book of Fate,*
Where many Days did lowr,
When lo one happy Hour
Leapt up, and ſmil'd to ſave thy ſinking State;

A Day ſhall come when in thy Power
Thy cruel Foes ſhall be;
Then ſhall thy Land be free,
And thou in Peace ſhalt reign.
But take, O take that Opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again. [Deſcends.

Mont. I ſhall deſerve my Fate, if I refuſe
That happy Hour which Heaven allots to uſe;
But of my Crown thou too much care do'ſt take,
That which I value more, my Love's at ſtake.

High Pr. Ariſe ye ſubtle Spirits that can ſpy,
When Love is enter'd in a Female's Eye;
You that can read it in the midſt of Doubt,
And in the midſt of Frowns can find it out;
You that can ſearch thoſe many corner'd Minds,
Where Woman's crooked Fancy turns and winds;
You that can Love explore, and Truth impart,
Where both lie deepeſt hid in Woman's Heart,
Ariſe ——

[*The Ghoſts of* Traxalla *and* Acacis *ariſe, they ſtand ſtill and point at* Montezuma.

High Pr. I did not for theſe ghaſtly Viſions ſend,
Their ſudden coming does ſome I'll portend.
Begone, —— begone, —— they will not diſappear,
My Soul is ſeiz'd with an unuſual Fear. [fright.

Mont. Point on, point on, and ſee whom you can
Shame and Confuſion ſeize theſe Shades of Night;
Ye thin and empty Forms, am I your Sport? [*They ſmile.*
If you were Fleſh ——
You know you durſt not uſe me in this ſort.

[*The Ghoſt of the* Indian *Queen riſes betwixt the Ghoſts, with a Dagger in her Breaſt.*

Mont. Ha!
I feel my Hair grow ſtiff, my Eye-balls rowl,
This is the only Form could ſhake my Soul.

Ghoſt. *The Hopes of thy ſucceſsful Love reſign,*
Know, Montezuma, *thou art only mine;*
For thoſe who here on Earth their Paſſion ſhow
By Death for Love, receive their Right below.

Why

Why doſt thou then delay my longing Arms?
Have Cares, and Age, and mortal Life ſuch Charms!
The Moon grows ſickly at the Sight of Day,
And early Cocks have ſummon'd me away:
Yet I'll appoint a meeting Place below,
For there fierce Winds o'er dusky Vallies blow,
Whoſe every puff bears empty Shades away:
Which guideleſs in thoſe dark Dominions ſtray.
Juſt at the Entrance of the Fields below,
Thou ſhalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,
Safe in its hollow Trunk I will attend,
And ſeize thy Spirit when thou doſt deſcend. [Deſcends.

Mont. I'll ſeize thee there, thou Meſſenger of Fate:
Would my ſhort Life had yet a ſhorter Date!
I'm weary of this Fleſh which holds us here,
And daſtards manly Souls with hope and fear;
Theſe heats and colds ſtill in our Breaſts make War,
Agues and Fevers all our Paſſions are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cydaria *and* Alibech, *betwixt the two Armies.*

Alib. Bleſſings will crown your Name, if you prevent
That Blood, which in this Battel will be ſpent;
Nor need you fear ſo juſt a Sute to move,
Which both becomes your Duty and your Love.

Cyd. But think you he will come? their Camp is near,
And he already knows I wait him here.

Alib. You are too young your Power to underſtand,
Lovers take wing upon the leaſt command;
Already he is here,

Enter Cortez *and* Vaſquez *to them.*

Cort. Methinks like two black Storms on either Hand,
Our *Spaniſh* Army and your *Indians* ſtand;
This only ſpace betwixt the Clouds is clear,
Where you, like Day, broke looſe from both appear.

Cyd. Thoſe cloſing Skies might ſtill continue bright,
But who can help it if you'll make it Night?
The Gods have given you Power of Life and Death,
Like them to ſave or ruin with a Breath.

Cort. That Power they to your Father did diſpoſe;
'Twas in his Choice to make us Friends or Foes.
Alib. Injurious ſtrength would Rapine ſtill excuſe,
By off'ring Terms the weaker muſt refuſe;
And ſuch as theſe your hard Conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.
Cort. If for my ſelf to Conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my Actions juſtly blame:
Now I am ſent, and am not to diſpute
My Prince's Order, but to execute.
Alib. He, who his Prince ſo blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith his Virtue throws away.
Cort. Monarchs may err, but ſhould each private Breaſt
Judge their ill Acts, they would diſpute their beſt.
Cyd. Then all your Care is for your Prince I ſee,
Your Truth to him out-weighs your Love to me;
You may ſo cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that pretend to Love.
Cort. Command my Life, and I will ſoon obey,
To ſave my Honour I my Blood will pay.
Cyd. What is this Honour which does Love controul?
Cort. A raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul;
A painful Burden which great Minds muſt bear,
Obtain'd with Danger and poſſeſt with Fear.
Cyd. Lay down that Burden if it painful grow,
You'll find, without it, Love will lighter go.
Cort. Honour once loſt is never to be found.
Alib. Perhaps he looks to have both Paſſions crown'd,
Firſt dye his Honour in a purple Flood,
Then Court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.
Cort. The edge of War I'll from the Battel take,
And ſpare her Father's Subjects for her ſake.
Cyd. I cannot love you leſs when I'm refus'd,
But I can die to be unkindly us'd;
Where ſhall a Maid's diſtracted Heart find Reſt,
If ſhe can miſs it in her Lover's Breaſt?
Cort. I till to-morrow will the Fight delay,
Remember you have conquer'd me to-day.
Alib. This Grant deſtroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;

Our

Our Women in the foremoſt Ranks appear,
March to the Fight, and meet your Miſtreſs there;
Into the thickeſt Squadrons ſhe muſt run,
Kill her, and ſee what Honour will be won.

Cyd. I muſt be in the Battel, but I'll go
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal Strife,
For fear its Point ſhould reach your noble Life.

Enter Pizarro.

Cort. No more: your Kindneſs wounds me to the Death:
Honour be gone, what art thou but a Breath?
I'll live, proud of my Infamy and Shame,
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lover's Name;
Men can but ſay, Love did his Reaſon blind,
And Love's the nobleſt Frailty of the Mind.
Draw off my Men, the War's already done.

Piz. Your Orders come too late, the Fight's begun,
The Enemy gives on with fury led,
And fierce *Orbellan* combats in their Head.

Cort. He juſtly fears a Peace with me would prove
Of ill Concernment to his haughty Love;
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
New Honour, but to lay it at your Feet.

[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez *and* Pizarro.

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar *to* Alibech *and* Cydaria.

Odm. Now, Madam, ſince a danger does appear
Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,
Give leave to him who may in Battel die,
Before his Death to ask his Deſtiny.

Guy. He cannot die whom you command to live,
Before the Fight you can the Conqueſt give;
Speak where you'll place it?

Alib. ——— Briefly then to both,
One I in ſecret love, the other loath;
But where I hate, my Hate I will not ſhow,
And he I love, my Love ſhall never know;
True Worth ſhall gain me, that it may be ſaid,
Deſert, not Fancy, once a Woman led.
He who in Fight his Courage ſhall oppoſe
With moſt Succeſs againſt his Country's Foes,

From me ſhall all that Recompenſe receive
That Valour merits, or that Love can give:
'Tis true my Hopes and Fears are all for one,
But Hopes and Fears are to my ſelf alone.
Let him not ſhun the Danger of the Strife,
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.

Odm. All Obſtacles my Courage ſhall remove.

Guy. Fall on, fall on.

Odm. ——— For Liberty.

Guy. —— For Love. [*Exeunt, the Women following.*

SCENE *changes to the* Indian *Country.*

Enter Montezuma *attended by the* Indians.

Mont. Charge, charge, their Ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,
Bold in cloſe Ambuſh, baſe in open Field:
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:
Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I, when I was young. [*Exit.*

Alarm. Enter Cortez *bloody.*

Cort. Furies purſue theſe falſe *Taxallans* Flight,
Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not fight?
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
Of help from ſuch, who where they hate ſhow Fear!

Enter Pizarro *and* Vaſquez.

Piz. The Field grows thin, and thoſe that now remain,
Appear but like the Shadows of the Slain.

Vaſq. The fierce old King is vaniſh'd from the Place,
And in a Cloud of Duſt purſues the Chaſe.

Cort. Their eager Chaſe diſorder'd does appear,
Command our Horſe to charge them in the rear; [*To* Piz.
You to our old *Caſtilian* Foot retire, [*To* Vaſq.
Who yet ſtand firm, and at their Backs give Fire.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar *meeting each other in the Battel.*

Odm. Where haſt thou been ſince firſt the Fight began,
Thou leſs than Woman in the Shape of Man?

Guy. Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.

Odm. Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I ſlew,
And left it ſticking ere my Sword I drew.

Guy.

Guy. I ſought not Honour on ſo baſe a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be ſlain;
I fell'd along a Man of bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a ſhining Caſe:
So wondrous hard, and ſo ſecure of wound,
It made my Sword, tho' edg'd with Flint, rebound.
Odm. I kill'd a double Man, the one half lay
Upon the Ground, the other ran away.

[*Guns go off within.*

Enter Montezuma *out of Breath, with him* Alibech *and an* Indian.

Mont. All's loſt——
Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder fight,
My Men in vain ſhun Death by ſhameful Flight;
For Deaths inviſible come wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful Noiſe, and ſtraight expire.
Take, Gods, that Soul ye did in ſpight create,
And made it Great to be unfortunate:
Ill Fate for me unjuſtly you provide,
Great Souls are Sparks of your own heav'nly Pride:
That Luſt of Power we from your God-heads have,
You're bound to pleaſe thoſe Appetites you gave.

Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with* Spaniards.

Vaſq. Pizarro, I have hunted hard to Day
Into our Toils the nobleſt of the Prey;
Seize on the King, and him your Priſoner make,
While I in kind Revenge my Taker take.

[Pizarro *with two goes to attack the King,* Vaſquez *with another to ſeize* Alibech.

Guy. Their Danger is alike, whom ſhall I free?
Odm. I'll follow Love.
Guy. —— I'll follow Piety.

[Odmar *retreats from* Vaſquez *with* Alibech *off the Stage,* Guyomar *fights for his Father.*

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that Life you gave,
Mine is well loſt, if I your Life can ſave.

[Montezuma *fights off,* Guyomar *making his retreat, ſtays.*

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to ſcape them all,
Stay, let me ſee where nobleſt I may fall.

[*He runs at* Vaſquez, *is ſeiz'd behind and taken.*

Vaſq. Conduct him off,
And give Command he ſtrictly guarded be.
Guy. In vain are Guards, Death ſets the Valiant free.
[*Exit* Guyomar *with Guards.*
Vaſq. A glorious Day! and bravely was it fought,
Great Fame our General in great Dangers ſought;
From his ſtrong Arm I ſaw his Rival run,
And in a Croud th' unequal Combat ſhun.
Enter Cortez *leading* Cydaria, *who ſeems crying, and begging of him.*
Cort. Man's Force is fruitleſs, and your Gods would fail
To ſave the City, but your Tears prevail;
I'll of my Fortune no Advantage make,
Thoſe Terms they had once giv'n, they ſtill may take.
Cyd. Heav'n has of Right all Victory deſign'd,
Where boundleſs Power dwells in a Will confin'd;
Your *Spaniſh* Honour does the World excel.
Cort. Our greateſt Honour is in loving well.
Cyd. Strange ways you practiſe there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.
Court. Love is with us, as natural as here,
But fetter'd up with Cuſtoms more ſevere.
In tedious Courtſhip we declare our Pain,
And ere we Kindneſs find, firſt meet Diſdain.
Cyd. If Women love, they needleſs Pains endure;
Their Pride and Folly but delay their Cure.
Cort. What you miſ-call their Folly, is their Care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are:
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiouſly believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.
Cyd. But if they are not truſted when they Vow,
What other Marks of Paſſion can they ſhow?
Cort. With Feaſts, and Muſick, all that brings Delight,
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight.
Cyd. Your Gallants ſure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Senſe:
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a Crowd they Wooe,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can ſuch Toys your Womens Paſſion move?
This is but Noiſe and Tumult, 'tis not Love.

Cort.

Cort. I have no reaſon, Madam, to excuſe
Thoſe ways of Gallantry I did not uſe;
My Love was true, and on a nobler Score.
Cyd. Your Love! alas! then have you lov'd before!
Cort. 'Tis true I lov'd, but ſhe is dead, ſhe's dead,
And I ſhould think with her all Beauty fled,
Did not her fair Reſemblance live in you,
And by that Image, my firſt Flames renew.
Cyd. Ah happy Beauty whoſoe'er thou art!
Tho' dead, thou keep'ſt Poſſeſſion of his Heart;
Thou mak'ſt me jealous to the laſt degree,
And art my Rival in his Memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more than ſo,
Thou liv'ſt and triumph'ſt o'er *Cydaria* too.
Cort. What ſtrange Diſquiet has uncalm'd your Breaſt,
Inhuman Fair, to rob the Dead of reſt!
Poor Heart! ſhe ſlumbers in her ſilent Tomb,
Let her poſſeſs in Peace that narrow room.
Cyd. Poor Heart! he pities and bewails her Death!
Some God, much hated Soul, reſtore thy Breath,
That I may kill thee; but ſome eaſe 'twill be,
I'll kill my ſelf for but reſembling thee.
Cort. I dread your Anger, your Diſquiet fear,
But Blows from Hands ſo ſoft who would not bear?
So kind a Paſſion why ſhould I remove?
Since Jealouſy but ſhows how well we love.
Yet Jealouſy ſo ſtrange I never knew,
Can ſhe who loves me not, diſquiet you?
For in the Grave no Paſſions fill the Breaſt,
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at reſt.
Cyd. That ſhe no longer Loves, brings no Relief,
Your Love to her ſtill lives, and that's my Grief.
Cort. The Object of Deſire once ta'en away,
'Tis then not Love but Pity which we pay.
Cyd. 'Tis ſuch a Pity I ſhould never have,
When I muſt lie forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you ſhould Love none beſide.
But you are falſe already.

Cort.

Cort. ——— If untrue,
By Heav'n my Falſhood is to her, not you.
Cyd. Obſerve, ſweet Heav'n, how falſly he does ſwear,
You ſaid you lov'd me for reſembling her.
Cort. That Love was in me by Reſemblance bred,
But ſhows you chear'd my Sorrows for the Dead.
Cyd. You ſtill repeat the Greatneſs of your Grief.
Cort. If that was great, how great was the Relief?
Cyd. The firſt Love ſtill the ſtrongeſt we account.
Cort. That ſeems more ſtrong which could the firſt ſurmount:
But if you ſtill continue thus unkind,
Whom I love beſt, you by my Death ſhall find.
Cyd. If you ſhould die, my Death ſhould yours purſue,
But yet I am not ſatisfied you're true.
Cort. Hear me, ye Gods, and puniſh him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold ſo dear.
Cyd. You would deceive the Gods and me, ſhe's dead,
And is not in the World, whoſe Love I dread.
Name not the World, ſay nothing is ſo dear.
Cort. Then nothing is, let that ſecure your Fear.
Cyd. 'Tis Time muſt wear it off, but I muſt go.
Can you your Conſtancy in Abſence ſhow?
Cort. Miſ-doubt my Conſtancy, and do not try,
But ſtay and keep me ever in your Eye.
Cyd. If as a Priſoner I were here, you might
Have then inſiſted on a Conqu'ror's Right.
And ſtay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th' effect of Force, and I would give it free.
Cort. To doubt your Virtue or your Love were ſin!
Call for the Captive Prince, and bring him in.
Enter Guyomar *bound and ſad.*
You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear.
[*To* Guyomar.
Are *Spaniſh* Fetters then ſo hard to wear?
Fortune's unjuſt, ſhe ruins oft the Brave,
And him who would be Victor, makes the Slave.
Guy. Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be
But Glorious for me, ſince put on by thee;
The Ills of Love, not thoſe of Fate, I fear,
Theſe can I brave, but thoſe I cannot bear;

My

My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In Freedom reaps the Fruit of all my Pains.
Cort. Let it be never ſaid that he whoſe Breaſt
Is fill'd with Love, ſhould break a Lover's Reſt;
Haſte, loſe no Time, your Siſter ſets you free:
And tell the King, my generous Enemy,
I offer ſtill thoſe Terms he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.
Guy. Brother (that Name my Breaſt ſhall ever own,
[*He embraces him.*
The Name of Foe be but in Battels known;)
For ſome few Days all Hoſtile Acts forbear,
That if the King conſents, it ſeem not Fear:
His Heart is Noble, and great Souls muſt be
Moſt ſought and courted in Adverſity:
Three Days, I hope, the wiſh'd Succeſs will tell.
Cyd. 'Till that long time———
Cort. ——'Till that long time, farewel. [*Exe. ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Chamber Royal.*

Enter Odmar *and* Alibech.

Odm. THE Gods, fair *Alibech*, had ſo decreed,
Nor could my Valour againſt Fate ſucceed;
Yet though our Army brought not Conqueſt home,
I did not from the Fight inglorious come:
If as a Victor you the Brave regard,
Succeſsleſs Courage then may hope Reward:
And I returning ſafe, may juſtly boaſt
To win the Prize which my dead Brother loſt.

Enter Guyomar *behind him.*

Guy. No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be
A Witneſs, both againſt himſelf and thee;
Though both in Safety are return'd again,
I bluſh to ask her Love for vanquiſh'd Men.

Odm.

Odm. Brother, I'll not diſpute but you are brave,
Yet I was free, and you, it ſeems, a Slave.
Guy. Odmar, 'tis true, that I was Captive led,
As publickly is known, as that you fled;
But of two Shames, if ſhe muſt one partake,
I think the Choice will not be hard to make.
Odm. Freedom and Bondage in her Choice remain,
Dar'ſt thou expect ſhe will put on thy Chain?
Guy, No, no, fair *Alibech,* give him the Crown,
My Brother is return'd with high Renown:
He thinks by Flight his Miſtreſs muſt be won,
And claims the Prize becauſe he beſt did run.
Alib. Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wiſe,
But neither have o'ercome your Enemies:
My ſecret Wiſhes would my Choice decide,
But open Juſtice bends to neither ſide.
Odm. Juſtice already does my Right approve,
If him who loves you moſt, you moſt ſhould love;
My Brother poorly from your Aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to ſuccour you.
Guy. Her Country ſhe did to her ſelf prefer,
Him who fought beſt, not who defended her;
Since ſhe her Intereſt for the Nation's wav'd,
Then I who ſav'd the King, the Nation ſav'd;
Your aiding her, your Country did betray,
I aiding him, did her Commands obey.
Odm. Name it no more; in Love there is a Time
When dull Obedience is the greateſt Crime;
She to her Country's Uſe reſign'd your Sword,
And you, kind Lover, took her at her Word;
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from her.
Guy. In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own Deſire,
That fought for her, which when I did ſubdue,
'Twas much the eaſier Task I left for you.
Alib. Odmar a more than common Love has ſhown,
And *Guyomar*'s was greater, or was none;
Which I ſhould chooſe, ſome God direct my Breaſt,
The certain Good, or the uncertain Beſt:

I cannot chooſe, you both diſpute in vain,
Time and your future Acts muſt make it plain;
Firſt raiſe the Siege, and ſet your Country free,
I not the Judge, but the Reward will be.

To them, enter Montezuma *talking with* Almeria *and* Orbellan.

Mont. Madam, I think with Reaſon I extol
The Virtue of the *Spaniſh* General;
When all the Gods our Ruin have foretold,
Yet generouſly he does his Arms withhold,
And offering Peace the firſt Conditions make.

Alm. When Peace is offer'd, 'tis too late to take;
For one poor Loſs to ſtoop to Terms like thoſe:
Were we o'ercome, what could they worſe impoſe?
Go, go, with Homage your proud Victors meet,
Go lie like Dogs beneath your Maſter's Feet;
Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,
And groan for Gold which now in Temples ſhines;
Your ſhameful Story ſhall record of me,
The Men all crouch'd, and left a Woman free.

Guy. Had I not fought, or durſt not fight again,
I my ſuſpected Counſel ſhould refrain:
For I wiſh Peace, and any Terms prefer
Before the laſt Extremities of War:
We but exaſp'rate thoſe we cannot harm,
And Fighting gains us but to die more warm:
If that be Cowardiſe, which dares not ſee
The inſolent Effects of Victory,
The Rape of Matrons, and their Childrens Cries;
Then I am fearful, let the Brave adviſe.

Odm. Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
Have proſperouſly begun a doubtful War:
But now our Foes with leſs Advantage fight,
Their Strength decreaſes with our *Indians* Fright.

Mont. This noble Vote does with my Wiſh comply,
I am for War.

Alm. ——— And ſo am I.

Orb. ——— And I.

Mont. Then ſend to break the Truce, and I'll take care
To chear the Soldiers, and for Fight prepare.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, *and* Alibech.

Alm.

Alm. to *Orb.* 'Tis now the Hour which all to reſt allow;
[Almeria *ſtays* Orbellan.
And Sleep ſits heavy upon ev'ry Brow;
In this dark Silence ſoftly leave the Town,
[Guyomar *returns and hears them.*
And to the General's Tent, 'tis quickly known,
Direct your Steps: You may diſpatch him ſtraight,
Drown'd in his Sleep, and eaſy for his Fate:
Beſides, the Truce will make the Guards more ſlack.

Orb. Courage which leads me on, will bring me back:
But I more fear the Baſeneſs of the Thing:
Remorſe, you know, bears a perpetual Sting.

Alm. For mean Remorſe no room the Valiant finds,
Repentance is the Virtue of weak Minds;
For want of Judgment keeps them doubtful ſtill,
They may repent of Good who can of Ill;
But daring Courage makes ill Actions good,
'Tis fooliſh Pity ſpares a Rival's Blood;
You ſhall about it ſtraight——— [*Exeunt* Alm. *and* Orb.

Guy. ——— Would they betray
His ſleeping Virtue, by ſo mean a way!
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nation's Foe,
I wiſh him dead——— but cannot wiſh it ſo;
Either my Country never muſt be freed,
Or I conſenting to ſo black a Deed.
Would Chance had never led my Steps this way,
Now if he dies, I murther him, not they;
Something muſt be reſolv'd ere 'tis too late,
He gave me Freedom, I'll prevent his Fate. [*Exit* Guy.

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Cortez *alone in a Night-gown.*

Cort. All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead,
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy Head;
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew ſweat;
Ev'n Luſt and Envy ſleep, yet Love denies
Reſt to my Soul, and Slumber to my Eyes.

Three

Three Days I promis'd to attend my Doom,
And two long Days and Nights are yet to come:
'Tis ſure the Noiſe of ſome tumultous Fight, [*Noiſe within.*
They break the Truce, and ſally out by Night.

Enter Orbellan *flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.*

Orb. Betray'd! purſu'd! Oh whither ſhall I fly?
See, ſee, the juſt Reward of Treachery!
I'm ſure among the Tents, but know not where;
Ev'n Night wants Darkneſs to ſecure my Fear.
[*Comes near* Cortez, *who hears him.*

Cort. Stand, who goes there?

Orb. ——— Alas! what ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*
A poor *Taxallan* that miſtook his way, [*To him.*
And wanders in the Terrors of the Night.

Cort. Soldier, thou ſeem'ſt afraid, whence comes thy fright?

Orb. The Inſolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my Fear,
Who in the dark purſu'd me entring here.

Cort. Their Crimes ſhall meet immediate Puniſhment,
But ſtay thou ſafe within the General's Tent.

Orb. Still worſe and worſe.

Cort. ——— Fear not, but follow me,
Upon my Life I'll ſet thee ſafe and free.
[Cortez *leads him in, and returns.*

To him Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *with Torches.*

Vaſq. O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend,
That you are ſafe; *Orbellan* did intend
This Night to kill you ſleeping in your Tent;
But *Guyomar* his truſty Slave has ſent,
Who following cloſe his ſilent Steps by Night,
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the Light:
Cry'd, ſeize the Traitor, ſeize the Murtherer;
The cruel Villain fled I know not where,
But far he is not, for he this way bent.

Piz. Th' inraged Soldiers ſeek from Tent to Tent,
With lighted Torches, and in Love to you,
With bloody Vows his hated Life purſue.

Vaſq. This Meſſenger does, ſince he came, relate
That the old King, after a long Debate,
By his imperious Miſtreſs blindly led,
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan*'s Bed.

Cort.

Cort. *Vaſquez*, the truſty Slave with you retain,
Retire a while, I'll call you back again.
[*Exeunt* Vaſq. *and* Piz.
Cortez *at his Tent Door.*
Cort. *Indian* come forth, your Enemies are gone,
And I, who ſav'd you from them, here alone.
Enter Orbellan *holding his Face aſide.*
You hide your Face, as you were ſtill afraid:
Dare you not look on him who gave you Aid?
Orb. Moon ſlip behind ſome Cloud, ſome Tempeſt riſe.
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To ſhrowd my Shame.
Cort.——In vain you turn aſide,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival and his black Deſign.
Orb. Forgive it as my Paſſion's Fault, not mine.
Cort. In your Excuſe your Love does little ſay,
You might howe'er have took a fairer way.
Orb. 'Tis true my Paſſion ſmall defence can make,
Yet you muſt ſpare me for your Honour's ſake;
That was engag'd to ſet me ſafe and free.
Cort. 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it Prudence to prolong thy Breath,
When all my Hopes depend upon thy Death——
——Yet none ſhall tax me with baſe Perjury;
Something I'll do, both for my ſelf and thee;
With vow'd Revenge my Soldiers ſearch each Tent,
If thou art ſeen, none can thy Death prevent;
Follow my ſteps with Silence and with Haſte.
They go out, the Scene changes to the Indian *Country; they return.*
Cort. Now you are ſafe, you have my Out-guards paſt.
Orb. Then here I take my Leave.
Cort. ——*Orbellan*, no.
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'll ſend a Meſſage.
Orb. ——Let it be expreſt,
I am in haſte.
Cort. ——I'll write it in your Breaſt—— [*Draws.*
Orb. What means my Rival?

Cort.

Cort. ——— Either fight or die,
I'll not ſtrain Honour to a Point too high;
I ſav'd your Life, and keep it if you can,
Cydaria ſhall be for the braveſt Man;
On equal Terms you ſhall your Fortune try,
Take this, and lay your flint-edg'd Weapon by;
[*Gives him a Sword.*]
I'll arm you for my Glory, and purſue
No palm, but what's to manly Virtue due
Fame with my Conqueſt, ſhall my Courage tell,
This you ſhall gain by placing Love ſo well.

Orb. Fighting with you ungrateful I appear.

Cort. Under that ſhadow thou would'ſt hide thy Fear:
Thou would'ſt poſſeſs thy Love at thy return,
And in her Arms my eaſy Virtue ſcorn.

Orb. Since we muſt fight, no longer let's delay,
The Moon ſhines clear, and makes a paler Day.
[*They fight,* Orbellan *is wounded in the Hand, his Sword falls out of it.*

Cort. To Courage, even of Foes, there's Pity due,
It was not I, but Fortune vanquiſh'd you;
[*Throws his Sword again,*
Thank me with that, and ſo diſpute the Prize,
As if you fought before *Cydaria*'s Eyes.

Orb. I would not poorly ſuch a Gift requite,
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but fight;
[*He ſtrives to hold it but cannot.*
But ſee where yours has forc'd its bloody way,
My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey.

Cort. Unlucky Honour that controul'ſt my Will!
Why have I vanquiſh'd, ſince I muſt not kill?
Fate ſees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glaſs,
And looks it through, but to it cannot paſs.

Orb. All I can do is frankly to confeſs,
I wiſh I could, but cannot love her leſs;
To ſwear I would reſign her, were but vain,
Love would recall that perjur'd Breath again;
And in my wretched Caſe 'twill be more juſt
Not to have promis'd, than deceive your Truſt.

Know,

Know, if I live once more to ſee the Town,
In bright *Cydaria*'s Arms my Love I'll crown.
Cort. In ſpight of that I give thee Liberty,
And with thy Perſon leave thy Honour free.
But to thy wiſhes move a ſpeedy pace,
Or Death will ſoon o'ertake thee in the Chaſe.
To Arms, to Arms, Fate ſhows my Love the way,
I'll force the City on thy Nuptial Day. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. Mexico.

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Almeria.

Mont. It moves my wonder that in two Days ſpace,
This early Famine ſpreads ſo ſwift a pace.
Odm. 'Tis, Sir, the general Cry; nor ſeems it ſtrange,
The face of Plenty ſhould ſo ſwiftly change;
This City never felt a Siege before,
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily Store,
Which now ſhut up, and Millions crowded here,
Famine will ſoon in multitudes appear.
Mont. The more the Number, ſtill the greater Shame.
Alm. What if ſome one ſhould ſeek immortal Fame,
By ending of the Siege at one brave Blow?
Mont. That were too happy!
Alm. ——— Yet it may be ſo.
What if the *Spaniſh* General ſhould be ſlain?
Guy. Juſt Heav'n I hope does other ways ordain. [*Aſide.*
Mont. If ſlain by Treaſon, I lament his Death.
[*Enter* Orbellan *and whiſpers his Siſter.*
Odm. *Orbellan* ſeems in haſte and out of Breath.
Mont. *Orbellan* welcome, you are early here,
A Bridegroom's haſte does in your Looks appear.
[Almeria *aſide to her Brother.*
Alm. Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardiſe, and Fear,
He had not ſcap'd with Life, had I been there;
But ſince ſo ill you act a brave Deſign,
Keep cloſe your Shame, Fate makes the next turn mine.

Enter

Enter Alibech, *and* Cydaria.

Alib. O Sir, if ever Pity touch'd your Breaſt,
Let it be now to your own Blood expreſt:
In Tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her Sight,
Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.

Cyd. To your Commands I ſtrict Obedience owe,
And my laſt Act of it I come to ſhow;
I want the Heart to die before your Eyes,
But Grief will finiſh that which Fear denies.

Alm. Your Will ſhould by your Father's Precept move.

Cyd. When he was young he taught me truth in Love.

Alm. He found more Love than he deſerv'd, 'tis true,
And that it ſeems is lucky too to you:
Your Father's Folly took a head-ſtrong Courſe,
But I'll rule yours, and teach you Love by force.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Arm, Arm, O King! the Enemy comes on,
A ſharp Aſſault already is begun;
Their murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.

Odm. Now Rival, let us run where Honour calls.

Guy. I have diſcharg'd what Gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe.

[*Exeunt* Odmar *and* Guyomar.

Mont. Or Walls are high, and multitudes defend:
Their vain Attempt muſt in their Ruin end;
The Nuptials with my Preſence ſhall be grac'd.

Alib. At leaſt but ſtay 'till the Aſſault be paſt.

Alm. Siſter, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he ſhall obey.

Enter ſecond Meſſenger.

2 *Meſſ.* From ſeveral Parts the Enemy's repell'd,
One only Quarter to th' Aſſault does yield.

Enter third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſſ.* Some Foes are enter'd, but they are ſo few,
They only Death, not Victory purſue.

Orb. Hark, hark, they ſhout!
From Virtue's Rules I do too meanly ſwerve,
I by my Courage will your Love deſerve. [*Exit.*

Mont. Here in the heart of all the Town I'll ſtay:
And timely Succour where it wants convey,

A Noiſe within. Enter Orbellan, Indians *driven in,* Cortez *after them, and one or two* Spaniards.

Cort. He's found, he's found! degenerate Coward, ſtay:
Night ſav'd thee once, thou ſhalt not ſcape by Day.
[*Kills* Orbellan.

Orb. ——— O I am kill'd ——— [*Dies.*

Enter Guyomar *and* Odmar.

Guy. Yield, generous Stranger, and preſerve your Life,
Why chooſe you Death in this unequal Strife? [*He is beſet.*

Almeria *and* Alibech *fall on* Orbellan's *Body.*

Cort. What nobler Fate could any Lover meet?
I fall reveng'd, and at my Miſtreſs' Feet.

[*They fall on him and bear him down,* Guyomar *takes his Sword.*

Alib. He's paſt recovery; my dear Brother's ſlain,
Fate's Hand was in it, and my Care is vain.

Alm. In weak Complaints you vainly waſte your Breath:
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death.
Diſpatch the Villain ſtraight.

Cort. ——— The Villain's dead.

Alm. Give me a Sword, and let me take his Head.

Mont. Though, Madam, for your Brother's Loſs I grieve,
Yet let me beg ——— [

Alcm. ——— His Murderer may live?

Cyd. 'Twas his Misfortune and the Chance of War.

Cort. It was my Purpoſe, and I kill'd him fair:
How could you ſo unjuſt and cruel prove,
To call that Chance, which was the Act of Love?

Cyd. I call'd it any thing to ſave your Life:
Would he were living ſtill, and I his Wife.
That Wiſh was once my greateſt Miſery:
But 'tis a greater to behold you die.

Alm. Either command his Death upon the place,
Or never more behold *Almeria*'s Face.

Guy. You by his Valour, once from Death were freed:
Can you forget ſo generous a Deed? [*To* Montezuma.

Mont. How Gratitude and Love divide my Breaſt!
Both ways alike my Soul is robb'd of Reſt.
But —— let him die —— Can I his Sentence give?
Ungrateful, muſt he die by whom I live?

But

But can I then *Almeria*'s Tears deny!
Should any live whom ſhe commands to die?
Guy. Approach who dares: he yielded on my word;
And as my Priſ'ner, I reſtore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*
His Life concerns the Safety of the State,
And I'll preſerve it for a calm Debate.
Mont. Dar'ſt thou rebel, falſe and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus deſtroy.
[*Offers to kill him,* Odmar *ſteps between.*
Odm. My Brother's Blood I cannot ſee you ſpill,
Since he prevents you but from doing Ill.
He is my Rival, but his Death would be
For him too glorious, and too baſe for me.
Guy. Thou ſhalt not Conquer in this noble Strife:
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breaſt more true:
'Tis the laſt Wound I e'er can take for you.
You ſee I live but to diſpute your Will:
Kill me, and then you may my Priſ'ner kill.
Cort. You ſhall not, gen'rous Youths, contend for me:
It is enough that I your Honour ſee:
But that your Duty may no blemiſh take,
I will my ſelf your Father's Captive make:
[*Gives his Sword to* Montezuma.
When he dares ſtrike, I am prepar'd to fall:
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General.
Cyd. Ah you too haſtily your Life reſign,
You more would love it, if you valued mine!
Cort. Diſpatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,
I ſhall grow tender elſe, and wiſh to live;
Such an infectious Face her Sorrow wears,
I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria*'s Tears. [three:
Alm. Make haſte, make haſte, they merit Death all
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.
See, ſee, my Brother's Ghoſt hangs hovering there
O'er his warm Blood, that ſteams into the Air,
Revenge, Revenge it cries.
Mont. ——And it ſhall have;
But two Days reſpite for his Life I crave:

If in that ſpace you not more gentle prove,
I'll give a fatal Proof how well I love.
'Till when, you *Guyomar*, your Pris'ner take;
Beſtow him in the Caſtle on the Lake:
In that ſmall time I ſhall the Conqueſt gain
Of theſe few Sparks of Virtue which remain;
Then all who ſhall my head-long Paſſion ſee,
Shall curſe my Crimes, and yet ſhall pity me. [*Ex. omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Priſon.*

Enter Almeria *and an* Indian, *they ſpeak entring.*

Ind. A Dangerous Proof of my Reſpect I ſhow.
Alm. Fear not, Prince *Guyomar* ſhall never know:
While he is abſent let us not delay,
Remember 'tis the King thou doſt obey.
Ind. See where he ſleeps.
[Cortez *appears chain'd and laid aſleep.*
Alm.——Without my coming wait:
And on thy Life ſecure the Priſon Gate—[*Exit* Indian.
[*She plucks out a Dagger and approaches him.*
Spaniard, awake: thy fatal Hour is come:
Thou ſhalt not at ſuch eaſe receive thy Doom.
Revenge is ſure, though ſometimes ſlowly pac'd:
Awake, awake, or ſleeping ſleep thy laſt.
Cort. Who names Revenge?
Alm.——Look up, and thou ſhalt ſee:
Cort. I cannot fear ſo fair an Enemy.
Alm. No aid is nigh, nor can'ſt thou make defence:
Whence can thy Courage come?
Cort.——From Innocence.
Alm. From Innocence? let that then take thy Part:
Still are thy Looks aſſur'd——have at thy Heart!
[*Holds up the Dagger.*

I cannot kill thee; ſure thou bear'ſt ſome Charm,
[*Goes back.*
Or ſome Divinity holds back my Arm.
Why do I thus delay to make him bleed? [*Aſide.*
Can I want Courage for ſo brave a Deed?
I've ſhook it off; my Soul is free from fear. [*Comes again.*
And I can now ſtrike any where —— but here:
His Scorn of Death how ſtrangely does it move!
A Mind ſo haughty who could chooſe but love! [*Goes off.*
Plead not a Charm, or any God's Command,
Alas, it is thy Heart that holds thy Hand:
In ſpight of me I love, and ſee too late
My Mother's Pride muſt find my Mother's Fate.
—— Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,
For ſhame, *Almeria*, ſuch mad Thoughts forbear:
It w'onnot be, if I once more come on: [*Coming on again.*
I ſhall miſtake the Breaſt, and pierce my own.
[*Comes with her Dagger down.*

Cort. Does your Revenge maliciouſly forbear
To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by Fear?
If you delay for that, forbear or ſtrike,
Foreſeen and ſudden Death are both alike.

Alm. To ſhow my Love, would but increaſe his Pride:
They have moſt Power who moſt their Paſſions hide.
[*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I muſt confeſs I did expect
You could not meet your Death with ſuch neglect;
I will defer it now, and give you time:
You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.

Cort. Thoſe who repent, acknowledge they did ill:
I did not unprovok'd your Brother kill.

Alm. Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

Cort. Who begs his Life, does not deſerve to live.

Alm. But if 'tis given, you'll not refuſe to take?

Cort. I can live gladly for *Cydaria*'s ſake.

Alm. Does ſhe ſo wholly then poſſeſs your Mind?
What if you ſhould another Lady find,
Equal to her in Birth, and far above
In all that can attract, or keep your Love,
Would you ſo dote upon your firſt Deſire,
As not to entertain a nobler Fire?

Cort. I think that Perſon hardly will be found,
With gracious Form and equal Virtue crown'd:
Yet if another could Precedence claim,
My fixt Deſires could find no fairer Aim.
Alm. Dull Ignorance! he cannot yet conceive:
To ſpeak more plain, Shame will not give me leave.
[*Aſide.*
—Suppoſe one lov'd you whom even Kings adore.
[*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would reſtore:
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico*:
Would you, for her, *Cydaria*'s Love fore-go?
Cort. Though ſhe could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.
Alm. A burning Bluſh has cover'd all my Face:
Why am I forc'd to publiſh my Diſgrace?
What if I love? you know it cannot be,
And yet I bluſh to put the Caſe 'twere me.
If I could love you with a flame ſo true,
I could forget what Hand my Brother ſlew? ——
—— Make out the reſt, —— I am diſorder'd ſo,
I know not farther what to ſay or do:
—— But anſwer me to what you think I meant.
Cort. Reaſon or Wit no Anſwer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the Meaning find?
Alm. Diſorder'd Words ſhow a diſtemper'd Mind.
Cort. She has oblig'd me ſo, that could I chooſe,
I would not anſwer what I muſt refuſe. [*Aſide.*
Alm. — His Mind is ſhook: — ſuppoſe I lov'd you,
Would you for me *Cydaria*'s Fetters break? [ſpeak,
Cort. Things meant in Jeſt, no ſerious Anſwer need.
Alm. But put the caſe that it were ſo indeed.
Cort. If it were ſo, which but to think were Pride,
My conſtant Love would dangerouſly be try'd:
For ſince you could a Brother's Death forgive,
He whom you ſave, for you alone ſhould live:
But I the moſt unhappy of Mankind,
Ere I knew yours, have all my Love reſign'd:
'Tis my own Loſs I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupt's Door.

Yet

Yet could I change, as ſure I never can,
How could you love ſo infamous a Man?
For Love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no Ground I ever could be true.

Alm. You conſtrued me aright —— I was in Jeſt:
And by that Offer meant to ſound your Breaſt;
Which ſince I find ſo conſtant to your Love,
Will much my Value of your Worth improve.
Spaniard, aſſure your ſelf you ſhall not be
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:
'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this ſort,
And to refuſe my Offers, though in ſport. [*Ex. Alm.*

Cort. In what a ſtrange Condition am I left? [Cort. *ſolus.*
More than I wiſh I have, of all I wiſh bereft!
In wiſhing nothing, we enjoy ſtill moſt;
For even our Wiſh is, in poſſeſſion, loſt:
Reſtleſs we wander to a new Deſire,
And burn our ſelves by blowing up the Fire:
We toſs and turn about our Feveriſh Will,
When all our Eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the Happineſs Mankind can gain
Is not in Pleaſure, but in reſt from Pain.

[*Goes in, and the Scene cloſes upon him.*

SCENE II. *Chamber Royal.*

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar *and* Alibech.

Mont. My Ears are deaf with this impatient Crowd.
Odm. Their Wants are now grown mutinous and loud:
The Generals taken; but the Siege remains;
And their laſt Food our dying Men ſuſtains.
Guy. One means is only left. I to this Hour
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria*'s Power;
And though by your Command ſhe often ſent
To urge his Doom, do ſtill his Death prevent.
Mont. That hope is paſt: Him I have oft aſſail'd,
But neither Threats nor Kindneſs have prevail'd;
Hiding our Wants, I offer to releaſe
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
He fiercely anſwer'd, I had now no way
But to ſubmit, and without terms obey:

I told him, he in Chains demanded more
Than he impos'd in Victory before:
He ſuddenly reply'd, he could not make
Theſe Offers now; Honour muſt give, not take.

Odm. Twice have I ſally'd, and was twice beat back;
What deſp'rate Courſe remains for us to take!

Mont. If either Death or Bondage I muſt chooſe,
I'll keep my Freedom, though my Life I loſe.

Guy. I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd
Thoſe means, you might have than with Honour us'd:
I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory,
They know to Conquer beſt, who know to die.

[*Exeunt* Mont. *and* Odm.

Alib. Ah me, what have I heard! ſtay *Guyomar*,
What hope you from this Sally you prepare?

Guy. A Death, with Honour for my Country's good:
A Death, to which your ſelf deſign'd my Blood.

Alib. You heard, and I well know the Town's Diſtreſs,
Which Sword and Famine both at once oppreſs:
Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Uſe,
Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice
Wild Hunger ſeeks; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death:
The Soldier in th' Aſſault of Famine falls:
And Ghoſts, not Men, are watching on the Walls,
As Callow Birds ———
Whoſe Mother's kill'd in ſeeking of her Prey,
Cry in their Neſt, and think her long away;
And at each Leaf that ſtirs, each blaſt of Wind,
Gape for the Food which they muſt never find;
So cry the People in their Miſery.

Guy. And what Relief can they expect from me?

Alib. While *Montezuma* ſleeps, call in the Foe:
The Captive General your Deſign may know:
His noble Heart, to Honour ever true,
Knows how to ſpare as well as to ſubdue.

Guy. What I have heard I bluſh to hear: And grieve
Thoſe Words you ſpoke I muſt your Words believe;
I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
To ſell my Country, and my King enſlave?

All

All I have done by one foul Act deface,
And yield my Right to you by turning Baſe?
What more could *Odmar* wiſh that I ſhould do
To loſe your Love, than you perſuade me to?
No, Madam, no, I never can commit
A Deed ſo ill, nor can you ſuffer it:
'Tis but to try what Virtue you can find
Lodg'd in my Soul.

Alib. I plainly ſpeak my Mind;
Dear as my Life my Virtue I'll preſerve:
But Virtue you too ſcrupulouſly ſerve:
I lov'd not more than now my Country's good,
When for its Service I employ'd your Blood:
But things are alter'd, I am ſtill the ſame,
By different Ways ſtill moving to one Fame;
And by diſ-arming you, I now do more
To ſave the Town, than arming you before.

Guy. Things good or ill by Circumſtances be,
In you 'tis Virtue, what is Vice in me.

Alib. That Ill is pardon'd which does Good procure.

Guy. The Good's uncertain, but the Ill is ſure.

Alib. When Kings grow ſtubborn, ſlothful, or unwiſe,
Each private Man for publick Good ſhould riſe.

Guy. Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuſe:
Such Reaſons none but impious Rebels uſe:
Thoſe who to Empire by dark Paths aſpire,
Still plead a Call to what they moſt deſire;
But Kings by free Conſent their Kingdoms take,
Strict as thoſe ſacred Ties which Nuptials make,
And whate'er Faults in Princes time reveal,
None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

Alib. In all Debates you plainly let me ſee
You love your Virtue beſt, but *Odmar* me:
Go, your miſtaken Piety purſue:
I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;
With my Commands you ſhall no more be grac'd,
Remember, Sir, this Trial was your laſt.

Guy. The Gods inſpire you with a better Mind;
Make you more Juſt, and make you then more Kind:

But though from Virtue's Rules I cannot part,
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:
'Tis hard with me whatever Choice I make;
I muſt not merit you, or muſt forſake:
But in this ſtrait, to Honour I'll be true,
And leave my Fortune to the Gods and you.

Enter Meſſenger privately.

Meſſ. Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate;
From the Watch-Tower, above the Weſtern Gate,
I have diſcern'd the Foe ſecurely lie,
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
Their careleſs Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
The Bowers of Kings, to ſhade them from the Sun.

Guy. Upon thy Life diſcloſe thy News to none;
I'll make the Conqueſt or the Shame my own.

[*Ex. Guy. and Meſſ.*

Enter Odmar.

Alib. I read ſome welcome Meſſage in his Eyes:
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'll ſee if he'll deny.
Odmar, I come to tell you pleaſing News,
I beg'd a thing your Brother did refuſe.

Odm. The News both pleaſes me, and grieves me too;
For nothing, ſure, ſhould be deny'd to you:
But he was bleſt who might commanded be;
You never meant that Happineſs to me.

Alib. What he refus'd, your Kindneſs might beſtow,
But my Commands, perhaps, your Burden grow.

Odm. Could I but live till burdenſome they prove,
My Life would be immortal as my Love.
Your Wiſh, ere it receive a Name, I grant.

Alib. 'Tis to relieve your dying Country's want;
All hopes of Succour from your Arms is paſt,
To ſave us now you muſt our Ruin haſte;
Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
The Captive General's Liberty reſtore.

Odm. You ſpeak to try my Love; can you forgive
So ſoon, to let your Brother's Murtherer live?

Alib. Orbellan, though my Brother, did diſgrace,
With treacherous Deeds, our mighty Mother's Race;

And

And to revenge his Blood, ſo juſtly ſpilt,
What is it leſs than to partake his Guilt?
Tho' my proud Siſter to Revenge incline,
I to my Country's good my own reſign.

Odm. To ſave our Lives, our Freedom I betray.—
——— Yet ſince I promis'd it, I will obey;
I'll not my Shame nor your Commands diſpute:
You ſhall behold your Empire's abſolute. [*Exit* Odm.

Alib. I ſhould have thank'd him for his ſpeedy Grant,
And yet I know not how, fit Words I want:
Sure I am grown diſtracted in my Mind,
That Joy this Grant ſhould bring I cannot find:
The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;
And this, obeying, has diſturb'd me more:
The one, with Grief, and ſlowly did refuſe,
The other, in his Grant, much haſte did uſe:
—— He us'd too much—— and granting me ſo ſoon,
He has the Merit of the Gift undone:
Methought with wondrous eaſe he ſwallowed down
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:
My inward Choice was *Guyomar* before,
But now his Virtue has confirm'd me more ———
——— I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,
And then my Promiſe muſt my Choice betray.
Fantaſtick Honour, thou haſt fram'd a Toil
Thy ſelf, to make thy Love thy Virtue's Spoil.
[*Exit* Alibech.

SCENE III.

A pleaſant Grotto diſcover'd: In it a Fountain ſpouting: round about it Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and other* Spaniards *lying careleſly unarm'd, and by them many* Indian *Women, one of which ſings the following Song.*

SONG.

Ah fading Joy! how quickly art thou paſt?
Yet we thy Ruin haſte.
As if the Cares of human Life were few,
We ſeek out new:
And follow Fate, which would too faſt purſue.

See how on every Bough the Birds expreſs,
In their ſweet Notes, their Happineſs.
They all enjoy, and nothing ſpare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their Care:
Why then ſhould Man, the Lord of all below,
Such troubles chooſe to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo!

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring ſound
Daſh, daſh, upon the Ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.

After the Song two Spaniards *ariſe and dance a* Sara-band *with* Caſtanieta's: *At the end of which,* Guyomar *and his* Indians *enter, and ere the* Spaniards *can recover their Swords, ſeize them.*

Guy. Thoſe whom you took without, in Triumph bring,
But ſee theſe ſtraight conducted to the King.
Piſ. Vaſquez, what now remains in theſe Extremes?
Vaſq. Only to wake us from our golden Dreams.
Piz. Since by our ſhameful Conduct, we have loſt
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value moſt,
I wiſh they would our Lives a Period give:
They live too long, who Happineſs out-live.
[Spaniards *are led out.*
1 *Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your Succeſs is ſpread;
The King comes marching in the Army's head.
Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar *diſcontented.*
Mont. Now all the Gods reward and bleſs my Son:
[*Embracing.*
Thou haſt this Day thy Father's Youth out-done.
Alib. Juſt Heav'n all Happineſs upon him ſhower,
Till it confeſs its Will beyond its Power.
Guy. The Heav'ns are kind, the Gods propitious be,
I only doubt a mortal Deity:
I neither fought for Conqueſt, nor for Fame,
Your Love alone can recompenſe my Flame.

Alib.

Alib. I gave my Love to the moſt brave in War;
But that the King muſt judge.
Mont. ——— 'Tis *Guyomar.*
[*Soldiers ſhout,* A Guyomar, *&c.*
Mont. This Day your Nuptials we will celebrate;
But guard theſe haughty Captives 'till their Fate:
Odmar, this Night to keep them be your Care,
To Morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.
Alib. Blot not your Conqueſt with your Cruelty.
Mont. Fate ſays we are not ſafe unleſs they die:
The Spirit that foretold this happy Day,
Bid me uſe Caution and avoid Delay:
Poſterity be juſter to my Fame;
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his Defence may juſtly do the ſame:
But private Perſons more than Monarchs can:
All weigh our Acts, and whate'er ſeems unjuſt,
Impute not to Neceſſity, but Luſt.
[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Guyomar, *and* Alibech.
Odm. Loſt and undone! he had my Father's Voice,
And *Alibech* ſeem'd pleas'd with her new Choice:
Alas, it was not new! too late I ſee,
Since one ſhe hated, that it muſt be me.
——— I feel a ſtrange Temptation in my Will
To do an Action, great at once and ill:
Virtue ill treated from my Soul is fled;
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:
Yet Conſcience would againſt my Rage rebel ———
——— Conſcience, the fooliſh Pride of doing well!
Sink Empire, Father periſh, Brother fall,
Revenge does more than recompenſe you all.
——— Conduct the Pris'ners in ———
Enter Vaſquez, *and* Pizarro.
Spaniards, you ſee your own deplor'd Eſtate:
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate?
Vaſq. All that Deſpair, with Courage join'd, can do.
Odm. An eaſy way to Victory I'll ſhow:
When all are buried in their Sleep or Joy,
I'll give you Arms, burn, raviſh and deſtroy;

For my own ſhare one Beauty I deſign,
Engage your Honour that ſhe ſhall be mine.
Piz. I gladly Swear.
Vaſq. ——— And I; but I requeſt
That in return, one who has touch'd my Breaſt,
Whoſe Name I know not, may be given to me.
Odm. Spaniard 'tis juſt; ſhe's yours, whoe'er ſhe be.
Vaſq. The Night comes on: If Fortune bleſs the bold,
I ſhall poſſeſs the Beauty.
Piz. I the Gold. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Cortez *diſcovered bound:* Almeria *talking with him.*

Alm. I come not now your Conſtancy to prove,
You may believe me when I ſay I love.
Cort. You have too well inſtructed me before
In your Intentions, to believe you more.
Alm. I'm juſtly plagu'd by this your Unbelief,
And am my ſelf the Cauſe of my own Grief:
But to beg Love, I cannot ſtoop ſo low;
It is enough that you my Paſſion know;
'Tis in your Choice; love me, or love me not;
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot.
[*Lays hold on the Dagger.*
Cort. You menace me and court me in a Breath:
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.
Alm. Your Hopes, without, are vaniſh'd into Smoke:
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.
Cort. In vain you urge me with my Miſeries:
When Fortune falls, high Courages can riſe.
Now ſhould I change my Love, it would appear
Not the effect of Gratitude, but Fear.
Alm. I'll to the King, and make it my Requeſt,
Or my Command, that you may be releaſt;
And make you judge, when I have ſet you free,
Who beſt deſerves your Paſſion, I, or ſhe.
Cort. You tempt my Faith ſo generous a way,
As without Guilt might Conſtancy betray:

But

But I'm ſo far from meriting Eſteem,
That if I judge, I muſt my ſelf condemn;
Yet having given my worthleſs Heart before,
What I muſt ne'er poſſeſs, I will adore;
Take my Devotion then this humbler way;
Devotion is the Love which Heav'n we pay.
[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Enter Cydaria.

Cyd. May I believe my Eyes! what do I ſee!
Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!
'Tis in my Breaſt ſhe ſheaths her Dagger now.
Falſe Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow? [*To him.*

Cort. What Words, dear Saint, are theſe I hear you uſe?
What Faith, what Vows are thoſe which you accuſe?

Cyd. More cruel than the Tiger o'er his Spoil;
And falſer than the weeping Crocodile:
Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take
A Pride to hear the Conqueſts which you make?
Go publiſh your Renown, let it be ſaid
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.

Cort. With what Injuſtice is my Faith accus'd?
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thouſand times for you.

Alm. She'll have too great Content to find him true;
And therefore ſince his Love is not for me,
I'll help to make my Rival's Miſery. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I never thought you falſe before: [*To him.*
Can you at once two Miſtreſſes adore?
Keep the poor Soul no longer in Suſpenſe,
Your Change is ſuch as does not need Defenſe.

Cort. Riddles like theſe I cannot underſtand!

Alm. Why ſhould you bluſh? ſhe ſaw you kiſs my Hand.

Cyd. Fear not, I will, while your firſt Love's deny'd,
Favour your Shame, and turn my Eyes aſide;
My feeble Hopes in her Deſerts are loſt:
I neither can ſuch Power nor Beauty boaſt:
I have no Tie upon you to be true,
But that which looſen'd yours, my Love to you.

Cort. Could you have heard my Words!

Cyd

Cyd. ——— Alas, what needs
To hear your Words, when I beheld your Deeds?
Cort. What ſhall I ſay! the Fate of Love is ſuch,
That ſtill it ſees too little or too much.
That act of mine, which does your Paſſion move,
Was but a Mark of my Reſpect, not Love.
Alm. Vex not your ſelf Excuſes to prepare:
For one you love not, is not worth your Care.
Cort. Cruel *Almeria*, take that Life you gave;
Since you but worſe deſtroy me, while you ſave.
Cyd. No, let me die, and I'll my Claim reſign;
For while I live methinks you ſhould be mine.
Cort. The bloodieſt Vengeance which ſhe could purſue,
Would be a trifle to my Loſs of you.
Cyd. Your Change was wiſe: For had ſhe been deny'd,
A ſwift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:
You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.
Court. Can you imagine I ſo mean could prove,
To ſave my Life by changing of my Love?
Cyd. Since Death is that which nat'rally we ſhun,
You did no more than I, perhaps, had done.
Cort. Make me not doubt, fair Soul, your Conſtancy;
You would have dy'd for Love, and ſo would I.
Alm. You may believe him; you have ſeen it prov'd.
Cort. Can I not gain belief how I have lov'd?
What can thy Ends, malicious Beauty, be:
Can he who kill'd thy Brother, live for thee?
[*A Noiſe of Claſhing of Swords.*
[Vaſquez *within*, Indians *againſt him.*
Vaſq. Yield Slaves or die; our Swords ſhall force our way. [*Within.*
Ind. We cannot, though o'er-power'd, our Truſt betray. [*Within.*
Cort. 'Tis *Vaſquez* Voice, he brings me Liberty.
Vaſq. In ſpight of Fate I'll ſet my General free;
[*Within.*
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.
Alm. All Hopes of Safety, and of Love are gone:
As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly through the Sky,

Strikes

Strikes and conſumes ere ſcarce it does appear——
And by the ſudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my State in this amazing Woe,
It leaves no Power to think, much leſs to do.
——But ſhall my Rival live, ſhall ſhe enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to deſtroy? [*Aſide.*

Cort. Her Looks grow black as a tempeſtuous Wind;
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her Mind.

Alm. Rival, I muſt your Jealouſy remove,
You ſhall, hereafter, be at reſt for Love.

Cyd. Now you are kind.

Alm.——He whom you love is true:
But he ſhall never be poſſeſt by you.

[*Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.*

Cort. Hold, hold, ah barbarous Woman! flie, oh flie?

Cyd. Ah pity, pity, is no Succour nigh!

Cort. Run, run behind me, there you may be ſure,
While I have Life, I will your Life ſecure.

[Cydaria *gets behind him.*

Alm. On him or thee light Vengeance any where:

[*She ſtabs and hurts him.*

——What have I done? I ſee his Blood appear!

Cyd. It ſtreams, it ſtreams from every vital Part:
Was there no way but this to find his Heart?

Alm. Ah! curſed Woman, what was my Deſign!
This Weapon's point ſhall mix that Blood with mine!

[*Goes to ſtab her ſelf, and being within his reach he ſnatches the Dagger.*

Cort. Now neither Life nor Death are in your Power.

Alm. Then ſullenly I'll wait my fatal Hour.

Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with drawn Swords.*

Vaſq. He Lives, he Lives.

Cort.——Unfetter me with ſpeed,
Vaſquez, I ſee you troubled that I bleed:
But 'tis not deep, our Army I can head.

Vaſq. You to a certain Victory are led;
Your Men all arm'd, ſtand ſilently within:
I with your Freedom, did the work begin.

Piz. What Friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
We'll ſoftly tell you as we march along.

Cort.

Cort. In this ſafe Place let me ſecure your Fear: [*To* Cydaria.
No claſhing Swords, no Noiſe can enter here.
Amidſt our Arms as quiet you ſhall be,
As Halcyons brooding on a Winter Sea.

Cyd. Leave me not here alone, and full of fright,
Amidſt the Terrors of a dreadful Night:
You judge, alas, my Courage by your own,
I never durſt in Darkneſs be alone:
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet ———

Cort. You muſt not go where you may Dangers meet.
Th' unruly Sword will no Diſtinction make:
And Beauty will not there give Wounds, but take.

Alm. Then ſtay and take me with you; tho' to be
A Slave to wait upon your Victory.
My Heart unmov'd, can Noiſe and Horror bear;
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

Cort. Almeria, 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither muſt ſtay here, nor go with me.

Alm. Then take my Life, that will my Reſt reſtore:
'Tis all I ask, for ſaving yours before.

Cort. That were a barbarous return of Love.

Alm. Yet, leaving it, you more inhumane prove.
In both Extremes I ſome Relief ſhould find:
Oh either hate me more, or be more kind.

Cort. Life of my Soul, do not my Abſence mourn:
But chear your Heart in hopes of my Return. [*To* Cyd.
Your noble Father's Life ſhall be my Care;
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to ſpare.

Cyd. Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore,
My Heart forebodes I ne'er ſhall ſee you more:
I have but one Requeſt, when I am dead,
Let not my Rival to your Love ſucceed.

Cort. Fate will be kinder than your Fears fore-tell;
Farewel my Dear.

Cyd. ——— A long and laſt Farewel:
——— So eager to employ the cruel Sword?
Can you not one, not one laſt Look afford!

Cort. I melt to womaniſh Tears, and if I ſtay,
I find my Love my Courage will betray?

Yon Tower will keep you ſafe, but be ſo kind
To your own Life, that none may entrance find.
Cyd. Then lead me there——— [*He leads her.*
For this one Minute of your Company,
I go methinks with ſome content to die.
[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro *and* Cydaria.
Alm. Farewel, O too much lov'd, ſince lov'd in vain!
[*Sola.*
What diſmal Fortune does for me remain!
Night and Deſpair my fatal Footſteps guide;
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*
Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *return again.*
Cort. All I hold dear, I truſt to your Defence. [*To* Piz.
Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.
[*Exeunt* Cortez *and* Vaſquez.
Piz. I'll venture that———
The Gods are good; I'll leave her to their Care,
Steal from my Poſt, and in the Plunder ſhare. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Chamber Royal, and* Indian *Hamock diſcovered in it.*

Enter Odmar *with Soldiers,* Guyomar *and* Alibech *bound.*

Odm. FAte is more juſt than you to my Deſert,
And in this Act you blame, Heav'n takes my Part.
Guy. Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?
Od. The Gods are ever on the Conquering ſide:
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed
I to my Father's Empire ſhall ſucceed.
Alib. How much I Crowns contemn, I let thee ſee,
Chooſing the younger, and refuſing thee.
Guy. Were ſhe Ambitious, ſhe'd diſdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of ſuch a ſervile Throne;
A Throne which thou by Paricide do'ſt gain,
And by a baſe Submiſſion muſt retain.
Alib. I lov'd thee not before; but, *Odmar*, know
That now I hate thee and deſpiſe thee too.
Odm. With too much Violence you Crimes purſue,
Which if I acted, 'twas for Love of you:
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:
I brought not Sin ſo far, to ſtop it here.
Death in a Lover's Mouth would ſound but ill:
But know, I either muſt enjoy, or kill.
Alib. Beſtow, baſe Man, thy idle Threats elſewhere,
My Mother's Daughter knows not how to fear.
Since, *Guyomar*, I muſt not be thy Bride,
Death ſhall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.

Odm.

Odm. Then take thy Wiſh——

Guy. Hold, *Odmar*, hold:
My right in *Alibech* I will reſign;
Rather than ſee her Die, I'll ſee her thine.

Alib. In vain thou would'ſt reſign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'ſt me, Conſtant ſtill to thee:
That ſhall not ſave my Life: Wilt thou appear
Fearful for her, who for her ſelf wants Fear.

Odm. Her Love to him ſhows me a ſurer way:
I by her Love, her Virtue muſt betray: [*Aſide.*
Since *Alibech*, you are ſo true a Wife; [*To her.*
'Tis in your Power to ſave your Husband's Life:
The Gods, by me, your Love and Virtue try:
For both will ſuffer if you let him die.

Alib. I never can believe you will proceed
To ſuch a black and execrable Deed.

Odm. I only threatn'd you; but could not prove
So much a Fool to murder what I love:
But in his Death I ſome advantage ſee:
Worſe than it is I'm ſure it cannot be.
If you conſent, you with that gentle Breath
Preſerve his Life: If not, behold his Death.
[*Holds his Sword to his Breaſt.*

Alib. What ſhall I do!

Guy.——What, are your Thoughts at ſtrife
About a Ranſom to preſerve my Life?
Though to ſave yours I did my Intereſt give,
Think not when you were his, I meant to live.

Alib. O let him be preſerv'd by any way:
But name not the foul Price which I muſt pay. [*To* Odm.

Odm. You would, and would not, I'll no longer ſtay.
[*Offers again to kill him.*

Alib. I yield, I yield; but yet ere I am ill,
An innocent Deſire I would fulfil:
With *Guyomar* I one chaſt Kiſs would leave,
The firſt and laſt he ever can receive.

Odm. Have what you ask: That Minute you agree
To My Deſires, your Husband ſhall be free.
[*They unbind her, ſhe goes to her Husband.*

Guy.

Guy. No, *Alibech*, we never muſt Embrace.
[*He turns from her.*
Your guilty Kindneſs why do you miſ-place?
'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice;
I was made yours but by the publick Voice.
And now you leave me with a poor Pretence,
That your ill Act is for my Life's Defence.

Alib. Since there remains no other means to try,
Think I am falſe; I cannot ſee you die.

Guy. To give for me both Life and Honour too,
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.
You have done much to cure my Jealouſy,
But cannot perfect it unleſs both die:
For ſince both cannot live, who ſtays behind
Muſt be thought fearful, or what's worſe, unkind.

Alib. I never could propoſe that Death you chooſe;
But am, like you, too jealous to refuſe. [*Embracing him.*
Together dying, we together ſhow
That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.

Odm. It then remains I act my own Deſign:
Have you your Wills, but I will firſt have mine.
Aſſiſt me, Soldiers———
[*They go to bind her: She cries out.*

Enter Vaſquez, *and two* Spaniards.

Vaſq. Hold, *Odmar*, hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.

Odm. You ill return the Kindneſs I have ſhown.

Vaſq. Indian, I ſay deſiſt.

Odm.—— *Spaniard*, be gone.

Vaſq. This Lady I did for my ſelf deſign:
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine?

Odm. You're much miſtaken; this is ſhe whom I
Did with my Father's Loſs, and Country's buy:
She whom your Promiſe did to me convey,
When all things elſe were made your common Prey.

Vaſq. That Promiſe made, excepted one for me;
One whom I ſtill reſerv'd, and this is ſhe.

Odm. This is not ſhe, you cannot be ſo baſe.

Vaſq. I love too deeply to miſtake the Face:

The

The Vanquiſh'd muſt receive the Victor's Laws.
Odm. If I am Vanquiſh'd, I my ſelf am Cauſe.
Vaſq. Then thank your ſelf for what you undergo.
Odm. Thus lawleſs Might does Juſtice overthrow.
Vaſq. Traitors, like you, ſhould never Juſtice name.
Odm. You owe your Triumphs to that Traitor's ſhame,
But to your General I'll my Right refer.
Vaſq. He never will protect a Raviſher:
His generous Heart will ſoon decide our Strife;
He to your Brother will reſtore his Wife.
It reſts we two our Claim in Combat try,
And that with his fair Prize, the Victor fly.
Odm. Make haſte,
I cannot ſuffer to be long perplext;
Conqueſt is my firſt Wiſh, and Death my next.
[*They fight, the* Spaniards *and* Indians *fight.*
Alib. The Gods the Wicked by themſelves o'erthrow:
All Fight againſt us now, and for us too!
[*Unbinds her Husband.*
[*The two* Spaniards *and three* Indians, *kill each other*, Vaſquez *kills* Odmar, Guyomar *runs to his Brother's Sword.*
Vaſq. Now you are mine; my greateſt Foe is ſlain.
Guy. A greater ſtill to vanquiſh does remain. [*To* Alib.
Vaſq. Another yet!
The Wounds I make, but ſow new Enemies:
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born Brethren, riſe.
Guy. *Spaniard* take Breath: Some reſpite I'll afford,
My Cauſe is more Advantage than your Sword.
Vaſq. Thou art ſo brave——could it with Honour be,
I'd ſeek thy Friendſhip more than Victory.
Guy. Friendſhip with him whoſe Hand did *Odmar* kill!
Baſe as he was, he was my Brother ſtill:
And ſince his Blood has waſh'd away his Guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou haſt ſpilt.
[*They fight a little and breathe,* Alibech *takes up a Sword and comes on.*
Alib. My Weakneſs may help ſomething in the Strife.
Guy. Kill not my Honour, to preſerve my Life:
[*Staying her.*
Rather

Rather than by thy Aid I'll Conqueſt gain,
Without Defence I poorly will be ſlain.
[*She goes back, they fight again,* Vaſquez *falls.*
Guy. Now, *Spaniard,* beg thy Life, and thou ſhalt live.
Vaſq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canſt not give:
My Breath goes out, and I am now no more;
Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [*Dies.*
Guy. Come, *Alibech,* let us from hence remove:
This is a Night of Horror, not of Love.
From ev'ry Part I hear a dreadful Noiſe:
The Vanquiſh'd Crying, and the Victors Joys.
I'll to my Father's Aid and Country's fly;
And ſuccour both, or in their Ruin die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

Montezuma, Indian *High-Prieſt, bound*; Pizarro, Spaniards *with Swords drawn*; *a Chriſtian Prieſt.*

Piz. Thou haſt not yet diſcover'd all thy Store.
Mont. I neither can nor will diſcover more;
The Gods will puniſh you, if they be juſt;
The Gods will plague your ſacrilegious Luſt.
Chr. Prieſt. Mark how this impious Heathen juſtifies
His own falſe Gods, and our true God denies:
How wickedly he has refus'd his Wealth,
And hid his Gold from Chriſtian Hands by ſtealth:
Down with him, kill him, merit Heav'n thereby.
Ind. High-Pr. Can Heav'n be Author of ſuch Cruelty?
Piz. Since neither Threats nor Kindneſs will prevail,
We muſt by other means your Minds aſſail;
Faſten the Engines; ſtretch 'em at their length,
And pull the ſtraitned Cords with all your ſtrength.
[*They faſten them to the Rack, and then pull them.*
Mont. The Gods, who made me once a King, ſhall know
I ſtill am worthy to continue ſo:
Though now the ſubject of your Tyranny,
I'll plague you worſe than you can puniſh me.

Know

Know I have Gold, which you ſhall never find,
No Pains, no Tortures ſhall unlock my Mind.
Chr. Pr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.
Mont. Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.
Ind. High-Pr. When will you end your barb'rous Cru-
I beg not to eſcape, I beg to die. [elty?
Mont. Shame on thy Prieſthood, that ſuch Pray'rs can
Is it not brave to ſuffer with thy King? [bring:
When Monarchs ſuffer, Gods themſelves bear part;
Then well may'ſt thou, who but my Vaſſal art:
I charge thee, dare not groan, nor ſhew one ſign
Thou at thy Torments doſt the leaſt repine.
Ind. High-Pr. You took an Oath, when you receiv'd your Crown,
The Heav'ns ſhould pour their uſual Bleſſings down;
The Sun ſhould ſhine, the Earth its Fruits produce,
And nought be wanting to your Subjects uſe:
Yet we with Famine were oppreſt, and now
Muſt to the Yoke of cruel Maſters bow.
Mont. If thoſe above, who made the World, could be
Forgetful of it, why then blam'ſt thou me?
Chr. Pr. Thoſe Pains, O Prince, thou ſuffereſt now, are light,
Compar'd to thoſe, which when thy Soul takes flight,
Immortal, endleſs, thou muſt then endure,
Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.
Mont. Thou art deceiv'd; for whenſo'er I die,
The Sun, my Father, bears my Soul on high:
He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:
I in the Eaſtern Parts, and riſing Sky,
You in Heav'n's downfal, and the Weſt muſt lie.
Chr. Pr. Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance miſ-led,
Thy Soul deſtroying when thy Body's dead:
Change yet thy Faith, and buy eternal Reſt.
Ind. High Prieſt. Die in your own, for our Belief is beſt.
Mont. In ſeeking Happineſs you both agree,
But in the Search, the Paths ſo different be,

That

That all Religions with each other fight,
While only one can lead us in the Right.
But till that one hath ſome more certain Mark,
Poor human Kind muſt wander in the Dark;
And ſuffer Pains eternally below,
For that, which here we cannot come to know.

Chr. Pr. That which we worſhip, and which you believe,
From Nature's common Hand we both receive:
All under various Names, Adore and Love
One Power Immenſe, which ever Rules above.
Vice to abhor, and Virtue to purſue,
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:
But here our Worſhip takes another way ———

Mont. Where both agree, 'tis there moſt ſafe to ſtay:
For what's more vain than publick Light to ſhun,
And ſet up Tapers while we ſee the Sun? [dore,

Chr. Pr. Though Nature teaches whom we ſhould a-
By Heav'nly Beams we ſtill diſcover more.

Mont. Or this muſt be enough, or to Mankind
One equal way to Bliſs is not deſign'd.
For though ſome more may know, and ſome know leſs,
Yet all muſt know enough for Happineſs.

Chr. Pr. If in this middle way you ſtill pretend
To ſtay, your Journey never will have end.

Mont. Howe'er 'tis better in the midſt to ſtay,
Than wander farther in uncertain way.

Chr. Pr. But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.

Mont. You do no more than I for ours do now.
To prove Religion true ———
If either Wit or Sufferings would ſuffice,
All Faiths afford the Conſtant and the Wiſe:
And yet ev'n they, by Education ſway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

Chr. Pr. Since Age by erring Childhood is miſled,
Refer your ſelf to our unerring Head.

Mont. Man, and not Err! what Reaſon can you give?

Chr. Pr. Renounce that carnal Reaſon, and believe.

Mont.

Mont. The Light of Nature ſhould I thus betray,
'Twere to wink hard that I might ſee the Day.
Chr. Pr. Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
I'll make your Reaſon judge what way to go.
Mont. 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,
Who have but one ſhort ſtep of Life to make.
Piz. Increaſe their Pains, the Cords are yet too ſlack.
Chr. Pr. I muſt by force convert him on the Rack.
Ind. High Pr. I faint away, and find I can no more:
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy Store,
And free my ſelf from Pains I cannot bear.
Mont. Think'ſt thou I lie on Beds of Roſes here,
Or in a wanton Bath ſtretch'd at my Eaſe?
Die, Slave, and with thee die ſuch Thoughts as theſe.
[*High Prieſt turns aſide and dies.*
Enter Cortez *attended by* Spaniards, *he ſpeaks entring.*
Cort. On Pain of Death, kill none but thoſe who fight;
I much repent me of this bloody Night:
Slaughter grows Murder when it goes too far,
And makes a Maſſacre what was a War:
Sheath all your Weapons, and in Silence move,
'Tis ſacred here to Beauty, and to Love.
Ha ——— [*Sees* Mont.
What diſmal Sight is this, which takes from me
All the Delight that waits on Victory!
[*Runs to take him off the Rack.*
Make haſte: How now, Religion, do you frown?
Haſte, holy Avarice, and help him down.
Ah Father, Father, what do I endure [*Embracing* Mont.
To ſee theſe Wounds my Pity cannot cure!
Mont. Am I ſo low that you ſhould Pity bring,
And give an Infant's Comfort to a King?
Ask theſe, if I have once unmanly groan'd;
Or ought have done deſerving to be moan'd.
Cort. Did I not charge thou ſhould'ſt not ſtir from hence? [*To* Piz.
But Martial Law ſhall puniſh thy Offence.
And you, [*To the Chriſtian Prieſt.*
Who

Who ſaucily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloyſters ſway;
Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Power,
You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.

Chr. Pr. ——— Come, let's away,
We but provoke his Fury by our Stay.

Cort. If this go free, farewel that Diſcipline
Which did in *Spaniſh* Camps ſeverely ſhine:
Accurſed Gold, 'tis thou haſt caus'd theſe Crimes!
Thou turn'ſt our Steel againſt thy parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the Price of Blood thou here art bought.

[*Exeunt Prieſt and* Pizarro.

[Cortez *kneels by* Montezuma, *and weeps.*

Cort. Can you forget thoſe Crimes they did commit?

Mont. I'll do what for my Dignity is fit:
Riſe, Sir, I'm ſatisfy'd the Fault was theirs:
Truſt me you make me weep to ſee your Tears:
Muſt I chear you?

Cort. Ah Heav'ns!

Mont. ——— You're much to blame:
Your Grief is cruel, for it ſhews my Shame,
Does my loſt Crown to my Remembrance bring:
But weep not you, and I'll be ſtill a King.
You have forgot, that I your Death deſign'd,
To ſatisfy the Proud *Almeria*'s Mind:
You, who preſerv'd my Life, I doom'd to die.

Cort. Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. Prince *Guyomar* the Combat ſtill maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their Ground regains:
But once encourag'd by our General's ſight,
We boldly ſhould renew the doubtful Fight.

Cort. Remove not hence, you ſhall not long attend:

[*To* Montezuma.

I'll aid my Soldiers, yet preſerve my Friend.

Mont.

Mont. Excellent Man! [*Exit* Cortez, *&c.*
But I, by living, poorly take the Way
To injure Goodneſs, which I cannot pay.

Enter Almeria.

Alm. Ruin and Death run arm'd through every Street;
And yet that Fate I ſeek, I cannot meet:
What Guards Misfortunes are and Miſery!
Death that ſtrikes all, yet ſeems afraid of me.
Mont. Almeria's here: Oh turn away your Face!
Muſt you be Witneſs too of my Diſgrace?
Alm. I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,
But want that Pity I deny'd to you:
Your Conqueror, alas, has vanquiſh'd me;
But he refuſes his own Victory:
While all are Captives in your conquer'd State,
I find a wretched Freedom in his Hate.
Mont. Could'ſt thou thy Love on one who ſcorn'd thee loſe?
He ſaw not with my Eyes who could refuſe:
Him who could prove ſo much unkind to thee,
I ne'er will ſuffer to be kind to me.
Alm. I am content in Death to ſhare your Fate;
And die for him I love with him I hate.
Mont. What ſhall I do in this perplexing Strait!
My tortur'd Limbs refuſe to bear my Weight:
[*Endeavouring to walk, not being able.*
I cannot go to Death to ſet me free:
Death muſt be kind, and come himſelf to me.
Alm. I've thought upon't: I have Affairs below
[*Alm. muſing.*
Which I muſt needs diſpatch before I go:
Sir, I have found a Place where you may be, [*To him.*
(Though not preſerv'd) yet like a King die free:
The General left your Daughter in the Tower,
We may a while reſiſt the *Spaniards* Power,
If *Guyomar* prevail ——

Mont. ——— Make haſte and call;
She'll hear your Voice, and anſwer from the Wall:
Alm. My Voice ſhe knows and fears, but uſe your own,
And to gain Entrance, feign you are alone.
[Alm. *ſteps behind.*
Mont. Cydaria!
Alm. ——— Louder.
Mont. ——— Daughter!
Alm. ——— Louder yet.
Mont. Thou canſt not, ſure, thy Father's Voice forget.
[*He knocks at the Door, at laſt* Cydaria *looks over the* Balcony.
Cyd. Since my Love went, I have been frighted ſo,
With diſmal Groans, and Noiſes from below;
I durſt not ſend my Eyes abroad, for fear
Of ſeeing Dangers, which I yet but hear.
Mont. Cydaria!
Cyd. ——— Sure, 'tis my Father calls.
Mont. ——— Dear Child, make haſte;
All Hope of Succour, but from thee, is paſt:
As when upon the Sands, the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow ſhort, he mends his weary Pace,
While Death behind him covers all the Place:
So I by ſwift Misfortunes am purſu'd,
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.
Cyd. Are you alone?
Mont. ——— I am.
Cyd. ——— I'll ſtraight deſcend;
Heav'n did you here for both our Safeties ſend.
[Cydaria *deſcends and opens the Door,* Almeria *ruſhes betwixt with* Montezuma.
Cyd. *Almeria* here! then I am loſt again. [*Both thruſt.*
Alm. Yield to my Strength, you ſtruggle but in vain.
Make haſte and ſhut, our Enemies appear.
[Cortez *and* Spaniards *appear at the other end.*

Cyd.

Cyd. Then do you enter, and let me ſtay here.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks,* Almeria *overpowers her, thruſts her in, and ſhuts.*
Cort. Sure I both heard her Voice, and ſaw her Face,
She's like a Viſion vaniſh'd from the Place.
Too late I find my Abſence was too long;
My Hopes grow ſickly, and my Fears grow ſtrong.
[*He knocks a little, then* Montezuma, Cydaria, *and* Almeria *appear above.*
Alm. Look up, look up, and ſee if you can know
Thoſe, whom in vain you think to find below.
Cyd. Look up, and ſee *Cydaria*'s loſt Eſtate.
Mont. And caſt one Look on *Montezuma*'s Fate.
Cort. Speak not ſuch diſmal Words as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me, when *Cydaria*'s there.
Deſpair not, Sir; who knows but Conquering *Spain*
May part of what you loſt reſtore again?
Mont. No, *Spaniard*; know, he who to Empire born,
Lives to be leſs, deſerves the Victor's Scorn:
Kings and their Crowns have but one Deſtiny:
Power is their Life; when that expires, they die.
Cyd. What dreadful Words are theſe!
Mont.——Name Life no more;
'Tis now a Torture worſe than all I bore;
I'll not be brib'd to ſuffer Life, but die,
In ſpight of your miſtaken Clemency.
I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;
The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:
But I'm a King while this is in my Hand;
[*His Sword.*
He wants no Subjects, who can death command:
You ſhould have ty'd him up, t'have conquer'd me;
But he's ſtill mine, and thus he ſets me free.
[*Stabs himſelf.*

Cyd. Oh my dear Father!
Cort. ——— Haſte, breake ope the Door.
Alm. When that is forc'd, there yet remain two more.
[*The Soldiers break open the firſt Door, and go in.*
We ſhall have time enough to take our Way,
Ere any can our fatal Journey ſtay.
Mont. Already mine is paſt: O Pow'rs divine,
Take my laſt Thanks; no longer I repine:
I might have liv'd my own Miſ-haps to mourn,
While ſome would pity me, but more would Scorn!
For Pity only on freſh Objects ſtays,
But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays.
Still leſs and leſs my boiling Spirits flow;
And I grow ſtiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almeria* ——— [*Dies.*
Cyd. ——— He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me defenceleſs here alone.
Alm. You ſhall not long be ſo: Prepare to die,
That you may bear your Father Company.
Cyd. O name not Death to me; you fright me ſo,
That with the Fear I ſhall prevent the Blow:
I know your Mercy's more than to deſtroy
A thing ſo young, ſo innocent as I.
Cort. Whence can proceed thy cruel thirſt of Blood,
Ah barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,
Too mild for thee: There's Pity in that Name,
But thou haſt loſt thy Pity, with thy Shame.
Alm. Your cruel Words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'll revenge my Smart.
Cort. Oh ſtay your Hand, and to redeem my Fault,
I'll ſpeak the kindeſt Words ———
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought:
Dear ——— Lovely ——— Sweet ———
Alm. This but offends me more;
You act your Kindneſs on *Cydaria*'s Score.
Cyd. For his dear ſake let me my Life receive.
Alm. Fool, for his ſake alone you muſt not live:

Revenge

Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'll make ſure he ne'er ſhall be for thee.
Cyd. But what's my Crime?
Alm. ——— 'Tis loving where I love.
Cyd. Your own Example does my Act approve.
Alm. 'Tis ſuch a Fault I never can forgive.
Cyd. How can I mend, unleſs you let me live?
I yet am tender, young, and full of Fear,
And dare not die, but fain would tarry here.
Cort. If Blood you ſeek, I will my own reſign:
O ſpare her Life, and in exchange take mine.
Alm. The Love you ſhew but haſtes her Death the more.
Cort. I'll run, and help to force the inner Door.
[*Is going in haſte.*
Alm. Stay, *Spaniard*, ſtay, depart not from my Eyes:
That Moment that I loſe your ſight, ſhe dies.
To look on you I'll grant a ſhort Reprieve.
Cort. O make your Gift more full, and let her live:
I dare not go; and yet how dare I ſtay!
Her I would ſave, I murder either way.
Cyd. Can you be ſo hard-hearted, to deſtroy
My ripening Hopes, that are ſo near to Joy?
I juſt approach to all I would poſſeſs;
Death only ſtands 'twixt me and Happineſs.
Alm. Your Father, with his Life, has loſt his Throne;
Your Country's Freedom and Renown is gone:
Honour requires your Death: You muſt obey.
Cyd. Do you die firſt; and ſhew me then the way.
Alm. Should you not follow, my Revenge were loſt.
Cyd. Then riſe again, and fright me with your Ghoſt.
Alm. I will not truſt to that, ſince Death I chooſe,
I'll not leave you that Life which I refuſe:
If Death's a pain, it is not leſs to me;
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.
But hark! the Noiſe increaſes from behind,
They're near, and may prevent what I deſign'd:
Take there a Rival's Gift——— [*Stabs her.*

Cort. Perdition ſeize thee for ſo black a Deed.
Alm. Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:
I'll thus revenge thee with this fatal Blow;
[*Stabs her ſelf.*
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.
Cyd. Stay Life, and keep me in the chearful Light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night.
Thou leav'ſt me Life, but Love ſupplies thy Part,
And keeps me warm by lingring in my Heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy Claim remove;
How dear it coſts to conquer in my Love!
Now ſtrike: That Thought, I hope, will arm my Breaſt.
Alm. Ah, with what differing Paſſions am I preſt!
Cyd. Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks leſs dreadful as he comes more near.
Alm. O Rival, I have loſt the Power to kill;
Strength hath forſook my Arm, and Rage my Will:
I muſt ſurmount that Love which thou haſt ſhown:
Dying for him is due to me alone.
Thy Weakneſs ſhall not boaſt the Victory,
Now thou ſhalt live, and dead I'll conquer thee:
Soldiers, aſſiſt me down.
[*Exeunt from above led by Soldiers, and enter both led by* Cortez.
Cort. Is there no Danger then? [*To* Cydaria.
Cyd. ——— You need not fear
My Wound, I cannot die when you are near.
Cort. You for my ſake, Life to *Cydaria* give;
[*To* Alm.
And I could die for you, if you might live.
Alm. Enough, I die content, now you are kind;
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind:
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.
[Cydaria *ſtarts back.*
You need not fear my Rage a ſecond time:
I'll bath your Wounds in Tears for my Offence.
That Hand which made it, makes this Recompenſe.
[*Ready to join their Hands.*

I would have join'd you, but my Heart's too high:
You will, too ſoon, poſſeſs him when I die.
Cort. She faints, O ſoftly ſet her down.
Alm. ——— 'Tis paſt!
In thy lov'd Boſom let me breathe my laſt.
Here in this one ſhort Moment that I live,
I have whate'er the longeſt Life could give —— [*Dies.*
Cort. Farewel, thou generous Maid: Ev'n Victory,
Glad as it is, muſt lend ſome Tears to thee:
Many I dare not ſhed, leſt you believe [*To* Cydaria.
I Joy in you leſs than for her I Grieve.
Cyd. But are you ſure ſhe's dead?
I muſt embrace you faſt, before I know
Whether my Life be yet ſecure or no:
Some other Hour I will to Tears allow;
But having you, can ſhew no Sorrow now.
Enter Guyomar *and* Alibech *bound, with Soldiers.*
Cort. Prince *Guyomar* in Bonds! O Friendſhip's Shame!
It makes me bluſh to own a Victor's Name.
[*Unbinds him,* Cydaria, Alibech.
Cyd. See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there:
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.
[Alibech *kneels and kiſſes her dead Siſter.*
Cort. Live, and enjoy more than your Conqueror:
[*To* Guyomar.
Take all my Love, and ſhare in all my Power.
Guy. Think me not proudly rude, if I forſake
Thoſe Gifts I cannot with my Honour take:
I for my Country fought, and would again,
Had I yet left a Country to maintain:
But ſince the Gods decreed it otherwiſe,
I never will on its dear Ruins riſe.
Alib. Of all your Goodneſs leaves to our diſpoſe,
Our Liberty's the only Gift we chooſe:
Abſence alone can make our Sorrows leſs;
And not to ſee what we can ne'er redreſs.

Guy.

Guy. Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,
Where Rocks lie cover'd with eternal Snow,
Thin Herbage in the Plains and fruitleſs Fields,
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;
No *Spaniards* will that Colony deſtroy,
We to our ſelves will all our Wiſhes grant;
And nothing coveting can nothing want.

Cort. Firſt your great Father's Funeral Pomp provide;
That done, in Peace your generous Exiles guide;
While I loud Thanks pay to the Powers above,
Thus doubly Bleſt, with Conqueſt, and with Love.

[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By a MERCURY.

TO all and ſingular in this full Meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus *ſend ye greeting.*
To all his Sons by whate'er Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-houſe, or Town;
From his moſt mighty Sons, whoſe Confidence
Is plac'd in lofty Sound, and humble Senſe,
Ev'n to his little Infants of the Time,
Who write new Songs, and truſt in Tune and Rhyme.
Be't known that Phœbus (*being daily griev'd*
To ſee good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)
Ordains, your Judgment upon every Cauſe,
Henceforth, be limited by wholeſome Laws.
He firſt thinks fit no Sonnetteer advance
His Cenſure, farther than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit Burleſque may one Step higher climb,
And in his Sphere may judge all Doggrel Rhyme:
All Proves, and Moves, and Loves, and Honours too:
All that appears high Senſe, and ſcarce is low.
As for the Coffee-wits he ſays not much,
Their proper Buſ'neſs is to Dam the Dutch:
For the great Dons *of Wit* ——

Phœ-

EPILOGUE.

Phœbus *gives them full Privilege alone*
To Damn all others, and cry up their own.
Laſt, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's *Will,*
They ſhould have Power to ſave, but not to kill:
For Love and he long ſince have thought it fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Phœbus gives them full Privilege alone
To Dance all others, and cry up their own
Lofty, for the Ladies, Sir Apollo's Will,
They should have Poetry so fine, but not so still
For Love and be long fince have thought it fit,
We're free by Beauty, Beauty reigns by Wit.

FINIS.